



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 721,241

PROPERTY OF  
*University of  
Michigan  
Libraries*  
1817

---

ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_













**RECORDS**  
**OF**  
**SHELLEY, BYRON, AND THE AUTHOR.**



RECORDS OF  
SHELLEY, BYRON,  
AND THE AUTHOR.

BY  
EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

VOL. II.



LONDON  
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING  
196 PICCADILLY  
1878

Storage

~~Undergraduate~~  
~~Library~~

PR

5671

.T5

A7

1878

V. 2

[All rights reserved.]

9-94906

Undergraduate  
Library

Transfer to Orange 5-4 21

## CONTENTS.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Shelley's ashes entombed in Rome—Letter from Leigh Hunt, August 1822, with proposed epitaphs—Shelley's constitution, person, and habits—Godwin and his family—Shelley's first introduction to Mary—Harriet Westbrook—Her marriage with Shelley—Her sister Eliza—Shelley leaves Harriet—She forms an acquaintance with a Captain in the army, but, failing to receive his letters, drowns herself in desperation—Medwin meets Trelawny after Shelley's death—They discuss his friends and possible biographers—Mrs. Shelley jealous—Shelley addicted to laudanum—Shelley's publications—Letters ( $4\frac{1}{2}$ ) from Shelley to Medwin, January 1820 to August 1821—A letter from Mrs. Shelley, July 1822. . . . . p. 1 to 44

### CHAPTER XIV.

The "Don Juan" recovered by Capt. Roberts—Two letters from him, September 1822—Byron's projects for quitting Italy—He thinks of Greece, now in revolution—Goes to Albano near Genoa, along with Mrs. Shelley and the Hunts—His illness after a swim at Lerici—Trelawny joins them at Albano . . . . . p. 45 to 51.

## CHAPTER XV.

Byron and the "Liberal"—His disappointment and irritation—Trelawny writes to Lieutenant Blaquiere, in London, about Byron's interest in Greece—Blaquiere, on the part of the London Committee, writes to Byron, and visits him—Byron resolves to go to Greece—Conversation of Trelawny (years afterwards) with Murray, about the sale of Byron's poems, and Moore's "Life of Byron"—In December 1822 Trelawny takes a riding tour in Italy—Letter to him from Byron, June 1823—Extracts from letters from Capt. Roberts and Mrs. Shelley regarding Byron, May and June 1823—Two other letters from Byron, June 1823 and August 1822—And two others relating to a dispute of his with Capt. Roberts, November 1822—Incompatibility between Byron's nature and Hunt's

p. 52 to 68.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Trelawny starts for Genoa—Revisits Villa Magni—The bathing habits of the natives, and Shelley's comment thereon—Trelawny visits Byron at Albaro—Finds him busy over house-bills—His arrogance and thrift—Byron, having chartered the brig "Hercules," takes Trelawny on board—Lumbering quality of this vessel . . . p. 69 to 78.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Byron and Trelawny, with Count Pietro Gamba, Dr. Bruno, and suite, embark on the "Hercules," 13 July 1823—Delays in getting a fair start—At Leghorn, Hamilton Browne and two Greeks join them—Byron denounces the Neapolitan tyranny, but, being urged to write some verses at once on

the subject, fails—His War-song for the Greeks—Conversation of Trelawny with Byron, who would wish to be buried in the Pirates' Isle off Maina—Another conversation: Mrs. Leigh, Brougham, Southey—Stories of ghosts and presentiment—Byron and Monk Lewis—Stromboli, Scylla, Charybdis, Messina . . . . . p. 79 to 93.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Byron's improved health and excellent temper on board—Plays a practical joke with the Captain's red waistcoat—Conversation between the Captain and Fletcher about the discomforts of Greece—Byron joins in—O'Meara and his reviewers—Byron's Memoirs, and Moore's conduct regarding them . . . . . p. 94 to 105.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Cephalonia—Byron and the rapacious Zuliotes—Suggestion that he should be made King of Greece—Ithaca—Reception by the Abbot and Monks—Byron's exasperation—An Austrian brig drifts towards the "Hercules"—Byron's nightmare—Trelawny leaves for the Morea . . . . . p. 106 to 116.

## CHAPTER XX.

Hamilton Browne—Byron's habit of keeping all letters &c.—Parting of Byron and Trelawny—Trelawny's journey towards Tripolitza and Corinth—The dead soldiers in the defiles of Dervenakia—The Greek Government at Salamis—Trelawny and Browne go to Hydra—Browne returns to England, and Trelawny to Greece—The Klephte chief Odysseus—He and Trelawny go on an expedition to Eubœa,



and engage in various military adventures—In January 1824 Trelawny and Odysseus return to Athens—Congress at Salona proposed—Trelawny starts for Missolonghi to invite Byron to the Congress—On his way he hears of Byron's death—Letter from Leicester Stanhope to Byron, April 1824, urging him to leave Missolonghi . . . . . p. 117 to 127.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Trelawny reaches Missolonghi, and sees Byron's corpse—Inspects his feet—Details of Byron's lameness and abstinence—Narrative of Byron's last illness and death, written down by Trelawny on the coffin, April 1824—Trelawny finds an unfinished letter from Byron to his half-sister Mrs. Leigh—Also a letter from Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, December 1823, relating to her daughter Ada, her character and habits—Also various relics belonging to Byron—Copy of Byron's unfinished letter, February 1824—Gordon's observations on Byron's closing days—Trelawny converses with Parry about Byron and his doctors—Parry's character and end—The English loan to Greece—Letter from Lady Byron to Rev. Dr. T., November 1839, citing Ada's speculations about death and immortality—Extract from another letter from Lady Byron, describing a young man of distinction whose character she prized . . . . . p. 128 to 154.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Byron's note-books and MSS.—Mavrocordato wants to get possession of the residue of the money brought by Byron to Greece—Trelawny resists and incurs Mavrocordato's enmity—Trelawny's project for getting Byron into possession of the

## CONTENTS.

ix

Acropolis of Athens—Sir Charles Napier's zeal for the Greek cause, and proposals to Trelawny—Trelawny returns with a military escort to Salona, and with the Scotchman Fenton—Byron no smoker—Fictitious relics of Byron, disposed of by Dunn of Leghorn, really appertaining to Trelawny—Bentham's proposed federal constitution for Greece—Trelawny and Odysseus return to Livadia, Athens, and Eubœa—The Greek Government at Nauplia, and their dealings with the English loan—They attempt to assassinate Odysseus—Conversation of Odysseus with Trelawny as to the Grecian prospects and his own schemes—The Cave of Odysseus on Mount Parnassus—Odysseus quits the Cave, leaving Trelawny in charge—The Thessalian sentinel-dog—Fenton, his character and missions—He is despatched by Trelawny to Athens and Nauplia to learn news of Odysseus . . . p. 155 to 174.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Trelawny goes to Livadia—Finds that Odysseus has made a truce with the Turks—At Talanta two Englishmen are brought in, and an odd scene ensues—Trelawny explains the state of facts to one of them, a Major, who undertakes to ship off Odysseus—Failure of this plan—Trelawny returns to the Cave, and sends Fenton to the Morea—Fenton schemes with the Secretary of War to entrap Odysseus and assassinate Trelawny—Fenton rejoins Trelawny in the Cave—An attempt of the Greeks to shoot Trelawny in April 1825, and afterwards to circumvent him by a pretended message from Odysseus . . . p. 175 to 187.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

In May 1825 Fenton brings with him to the Cave an English Philhellene, Whitcombe—Fenton and Whitcombe carry out a plot for assassinating Trelawny, who is severely wounded by a pistol-shot—The Hungarian Camerone shoots Fenton—The other guardians of the Cave seize and propose to hang Whitcombe, who addresses a letter of supplication to Trelawny—Trelawny releases him on the twentieth day—Two other letters from Whitcombe . . . . . p. 188 to 200.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Fenton's long-planned treachery—Odysseus is imprisoned by the Greeks, and finally put to death—Gordon's account of these transactions—Trelawny's gradual recovery from his wound—The English Major reappears, and induces Commodore Hamilton to take Trelawny away—Unsuccessful attempt of Ghouras to obtain possession of the Cave—The Hungarian Camerone . . . . . p. 201 to 209.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The Klephtes—Greece, on the eve of being reconquered by the Turks, is saved by the Battle of Navarino—The British commanding officers, and their attitude towards the Greek insurgents—Colonel Napier sympathetic—Napier and Fabvier—Byron (letter of 1823) regarding Napier—Six letters from Napier to Trelawny, May to August 1826, developing a plan of campaign in Greece, &c. . . . . p. 210 to 228.

## APPENDIX.

1. Mrs. Shelley, Dr. Nott, "Queen Mab," &c. p. 229.
2. Dialogue between Trelawny and Shelley . p. 232.
3. Burning of Shelley (memorandum written by Trelawny  
on 15th August 1822) . . . . . p. 233.
4. Further details of the cremation &c. (translated from  
the Italian) . . . . . p. 237.
5. Remarks on Mr. Barnett Smith's volume, "Shelley, a  
Critical Biography" . . . . . p. 240.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

1.—Portrait of Byron, aged twenty-five. Autotype from a miniature by Holms, taken from life, now in the possession of Alfred Morrison, Esq. . . . To face title-page.

2.—Fortified Cave in Mount Parnassus, the stronghold of Odysseus, A.D. 1824; woodcut . . . . p. 168.



RECORDS  
OF  
SHELLEY, BYRON, AND THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—  
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
Through public scorn—mud from a muddy spring,—  
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,  
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,  
Till they drop blind in blood.

*England in 1819.—SHELLEY.*

*Physician.* Are many simples operative whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN I arrived at Leghorn, as I could not immediately go on to Rome, I consigned Shelley's ashes to our Consul at Rome, Mr. Freeborn, requesting him to keep them in his custody until my arrival. When I reached Rome, Freeborn told me that to quiet the authorities there, he had been obliged to inter the ashes with the usual ceremonies



in the Protestant burying-place. When I came to examine the ground with the man who had the custody of it, I found Shelley's grave amidst a cluster of others. The old Roman wall partly enclosed the place, and there was a niche in the wall formed by two buttresses—immediately under an ancient pyramid, said to be the tomb of Caius Cestius. There were no graves near it at that time. This suited my taste, so I purchased the recess, and sufficient space for planting a row of the Italian upright cypresses. As the souls of Heretics are foredoomed by the Roman priests, they do not affect to trouble themselves about their bodies. There was no "faculty" to apply for, nor Bishop's licence to exhume the body. The custode or guardian who dwelt within the enclosure, and had the key of the gate, seemed to have uncontrolled power within his domain, and scudi, impressed with the image of Saint Peter with the two keys, ruled him. Without more ado, masons were hired, and two tombs built in the recess. In one of these, when completed, I deposited the box, with Shelley's ashes, and covered it in with solid stone, inscribed with a Latin epitaph, written by Leigh Hunt. I received

the following note at Leghorn previous to burning the body:—

*Pisa, 1st August, 1822.*

DEAR TRELAWNY,

You will of course call upon us in your way to your melancholy task; but I write to say, that you must not reckon upon passing through Pisa in a very great hurry, as the ladies particularly wish to have an evening, while you are here, for consulting further with us; and I myself mean, at all events, to accompany you on your journey, if you have no objection.

I subjoin the inscriptions—mere matter-of-fact memorandums—according to the wish of the ladies. It will be for the other inscriptions to say more.

Yours sincerely,

LEIGH HUNT.

P. S.—Mrs. Shelley wishes very much that Capt. Roberts would be kind enough to write to his uncle about her desk, begging it to be forwarded as speedily as possible. If it is necessary to be opened, the best way will be to buy a key for that purpose; but if a key is not to be had, of course it must be

broken open. As there is something in the secret drawers, it will be extremely desirable that as few persons meddle with it as possible.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, ANGLUS, ORAM ETRUSCAM LEGENS  
IN NAVIGIOLO INTER LIGURNUM PORTUM ET VIAM REGIAM, PRO-  
CELLÂ PERIIT VIII. NON. JUL. MDCCCXXII. ÆTAT. SUE XXX.

EDVARDUS ELLIKER WILLIAMS, ANGLICÂ STIRPE ORTUS, INDIA  
ORIENTALI NATUS, A LIGURNO PORTU IN VIAM REGIAM NAVIGIOLO  
PROFICISCENS, TEMPESTATE PERIIT VIII. NON. JUL. MDCCCXXII.  
ÆTAT. SUE XXX.

Io, sottoscritta, prego le Autorità di Via Reggio o Livorno di consegnare al Signore Odoardo Trelawny, Inglese, la Barca nominata Il Don Juan, e tutta la sua carica, appartenente al mio marito, per essere alla sua disposizione.

MARIA SHELLEY.

Genova, 16 Sett<sup>bre</sup>, 1822.

To the first inscription (which has not been exactly followed) I added two lines from Shelley's favourite play "The Tempest,"

" Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange."

The other tomb, built merely to fill up the recess, was likewise covered in in the same way—but blank without as within. I planted eight seedling cypresses. When I last saw them, in 1844, the seven which remained were about thirty-five feet in height.

I added flowers as well. The ground I had purchased, I enclosed, and so ended my task.

Shelley, who was born in 1792, came of a long-lived race, and, barring accidents, there was no reason why he should not have emulated his forefathers in attaining a ripe age. His father lived till he was past ninety. The Poet had no other complaint than occasional spasms, and these were probably caused by the excessive and almost unremitting strain on his mental powers, the solitude of his life, and his long fasts, which were not intentional, but proceeded from the abstraction and forgetfulness of himself and his wife. If food were near him he ate it, if not he fasted, and it was after long fasts that he suffered from spasms.

From the slight scenes and fragments I have given, some notion of the man and his way of life may be formed. His life illustrated his writings: his brain absorbed him. As I am the last man that knew him, I record my last impressions. He was tall—5 feet 11 inches—slim, and bent from eternally poring over books. This habit had contracted his chest. In common with enthusiastic students he had put his whole strength into his mind. The body

he looked upon as a self-acting piece of mechanism. He had never played at boys' games or joined in men's sports, but was a bookworm from childhood. His limbs were well-proportioned, strong, and long; his head was remarkably small, and his features were expressive of great sensibility and decidedly feminine; his softness of expression and mild bearing were deceptive, as you soon found out he was a resolute, self-sustaining man. There was nothing about him outwardly to attract notice, except his extraordinarily juvenile appearance. When he was at a distance among others you knew him by his eyes; they were like a stag's amongst a herd of deer. The guileless, fearless expression, as well as his dress and address, were so boyish that it was impossible to believe he had been guilty of any greater offences than neglecting to attend the chapel at Oxford, and feeling that he knew much more than his father, and avowing that he would not be guided by his father's counsel or walk in his path, but follow his own course. At twenty-nine he still retained on his tanned and freckled cheeks the fresh look of a boy, although his long wild locks were coming into blossom, as a *polite* hairdresser once

said to me whilst cutting mine. It was not until he spoke that you could discern anything uncommon in him, but the first sentence he uttered when excited by his subject riveted your attention, and at once the boy was transformed into a man. He was thoroughly masculine in act, prompt in reply, and bold in his opinions. The light from his very soul streamed from his eyes, and every mental emotion of which the human mind is susceptible was expressed in his pliant and ever-changing features. He left the conviction on the minds of his audience that however great he was as a Poet, he was greater as an orator. There was another and most rare peculiarity in Shelley,—his intellectual faculties completely mastered his material nature, and hence he unhesitatingly acted up to his own theories, if they only demanded sacrifices on his part,—it was where they implicated others that he forbore. Mrs. Shelley has observed, “Many have suggested and advocated far greater innovations in our political and social system than Shelley; but he alone practised those he approved of as just.”

This young man's voice was drowned by the howling of priests, and yet the founders of all reli-

gions from Buddha to Christ, judging him by his deeds, would have welcomed and crowned him with glory in their elysiums, and condemned his uncharitable persecutors to the lowest depths of the infernal regions. He was unlike the poetasters whom I had seen gowned and slippered in soft chairs, dawdling over slops all the morning, with a halo of foolish faces anointing them with flattery. Shelley's study was in the woods, amongst the rocks, or in his boat; he never sauntered or lounged. All his motions were energetic and rapid. He was very well on a horse, but better on foot. He was a famous walker. In going up rugged paths or steep hills he was at the top whilst we strong men were not half way up.

I have a strong taint of the mule in my blood, with his redeeming qualities of sure-footedness, endurance, toughness, and longevity; but Mrs. Shelley and those who knew us decided that Shelley's will was the most inflexible. Witness all his acts. He was a rebel at his early school; he was expelled from college; he defied all authority, and left his paternal home and went his own way ever after. Then he defied the world's opinions in his writings from first to last. He said, "Everybody saying a

thing does not make it right." In his outward life he was misled by his impulsive and vehement nature. His imagination coloured everything, and when heated deluded him. The gross and sensual passions and feelings that link men together had no hold on him. In benevolence and friendship none could excel him. My slight sketch is of the end of his brief life; the beginning and middle will doubtless furnish the critic with ample material for darkening the picture if it is too bright. Excessive laudation is nauseous. I am only induced to narrate the facts I have given, in the conviction that all "properly constituted" minds will consider my facts regarding him as heinous sins, indicating insanity or something worse.

In the early part of this century a man opened a small bookseller's and publisher's shop in Skinner Street; he had been a Methodist preacher and teacher, but finding that too narrow and obscure a vocation to suit the aspirations of his mind, he ascended to higher ground.

The first French Revolution had stirred men's minds and made them think. This man might be



considered as the earliest of the philosophical Radicals; he wrote vigorously against the arbitrary acts of those who were in power, he advocated moral and not physical force to correct abuses, he said "mob oratory and secret societies frightened the timid and gave strength to the Government." He acquired considerable fame and power by his writings.

He was sitting in his study over the shop with his family, five children; two of them his, and others his wife's, who had been a widow. He was about middle age, with a large face, and features, and body. His face was of a leaden hue, without shadow or colour to relieve it; he was reading something to his daughter (who was sitting next to him) in a dogmatic manner, which his former habit of preaching gave him. His daughter bore such a resemblance to him, on a reduced scale, that there could be no doubt as to her paternity, and they were all hushed as if in a chapel, when the door was opened. A tall, thin young man entered; his radiant face and lustrous eyes dispelled the gloom like sunshine. The contrast was striking between him and the family group; he was evidently of another type. The master of the house got up and introduced him

to his daughter Mary. Whilst sitting, the master of the house appeared of the middle height, but when he stood it added so little to his stature that you saw Nature had stinted him of his fair proportions. His daughter inherited the same disadvantage; they were both redeemed from being commonplace by having bright and intelligent eyes.

The Poet's face—for such he was—flushed at seeing the daughter of Mary Woolstonecraft, her portrait being in the room, and the daughter so dissimilar in every minute particular that no one but a Poet with a double vision could have believed there was any relationship existing. He was soon engaged in talking earnestly to Mary, but the philosopher, impatient at playing the part of a dummy, interrupted them by saying,

“I have been puzzling myself over the poem you last sent me, asking my opinion. I wrote to you this morning: perhaps you have not received the letter? I hoped to find a beginning of what it was about. I could find nothing but high-sounding words. I could discover no clue to the subject, or middle, or end. It was like a discharged cartridge in a sham battle: there was noise, clamour, and some

fury in the words, but what it portended I could not discover except that poetry is not your vocation. You should write prose; your letter to the Lord Chancellor on Eaton's case was admirable, logical, argumentative, and convincing. Prose is your forte."

The Poet then essayed to explain the argument and design of his poem. Mary, knowing her father's contempt of all poetry, except dramatic, from his being devoid of imagination, diverted the conversation to the topics of the day, in which they could all join. This was the first meeting of Mary Godwin and Percy Shelley, as near as I could gather from words dropped from Mary at different times; and the letter here alluded to by Godwin, Mary gave me, in which the sentiments herein expressed are written.

The conversation was interrupted by the widow Godwin had married—his second wife—one of the robust, bustling, shrewd women of whom there are thousands, approaching middle age. Three of the youngest children were hers; nothing could escape the vigilance of her glances, she saw in a minute the state of things.

The Poet took no other notice of her than slightly

bowing, and what displeased her more, no notice whatever of her children; he was absorbed with Mary, and doubtless with his inward eye saw a resemblance to her mother in her mind.

The widow had won Godwin by the two great accomplishments of flattery and cooking, which will win most men, and especially those called philosophers; but she had the great merit, which is very rare, of continuing to exercise these faculties after she had attained her object, retaining these to the last, and thus securing his regards.

Shelley had long thought that Godwin was the most persistent and able political reformer of his time, and, when he was in town, frequently went to Godwin's house. Mary Woolstonecraft was his ideal of what a woman should be, both from her writings and portrait; he was entranced by meeting a child of that celebrated woman.

Mrs. Shelley said her father, William Godwin, studied and ruminated, but never wrote from his feelings or passions; they were very faint; for love or sentiment he consulted authority. He professed to be guided by reason in all things. Pathetic and sentimental passages in books he skipped as

---

nonsense. Dryden and Pope he admired, but metaphysical poetry was to him incomprehensible.

Well-constituted minds, not influenced by personal considerations, are shocked at every act of injustice committed in the world; and as I see indications that the reputation of Harriet Shelley, the first wife of the Poet, will be slandered by an evil tongue, to remove the only great error in that Poet's life, I desire, as I am the last person who can do so, to leave on record what evidence I could collect regarding the separation that ensued between Shelley and his first wife.

And first as to their marriage. Shelley had one or two of his sisters at a boarding-school in London. He often visited them, and found a girl named Harriet Westbrook with them. In one of these visits the girls were discussing the difficulty that her father had with her; the arbitrary tyranny of his own father caused Shelley to sympathize with her. The perplexed girls not seeing their way out of the difficulty, Shelley said abruptly, "I will marry her." They were both startled, for Shelley had shown no symptoms of individual liking for the girl,

nor any special interest regarding her. The thought had flashed from his mind to meet a sudden emergency. As both were under age, Shelley with his usual impetuosity posted to Scotland, and there this boarding-school Miss and the expelled Oxford boy were married, and, as the novelists would end their story by saying, they were ever after happy. Harriet and Shelley were both thoroughly ignorant of life as it is, and essentially different in their minds and bringing up. Harriet was made of plastic clay and could be readily stamped into any form ; but her elder sister Eliza was of the fire-brick clay, and once pressed into a form was unalterable.

I was assured by the evidence of the few friends who knew both Shelley and his wife—Hookham, who kept the great library in Bond Street ; Jefferson Hogg, Peacock, and one of the Godwins—that Harriet was perfectly innocent of all offence. Shelley had early been a convert to Godwin's and Mary Woolstonecraft's theories regarding marriage : that the sexes should not be held together when their minds become thoroughly estranged. In five or ten thousand years this theory may be practicable ; it is not so now. Shelley indoctrinated his wife with

---

these impracticable theories. Harriet felt Shelley's great superiority to herself, and placed implicit confidence in his judgment. She was innocent of all knowledge, beyond the ordinary routine of a boarding-school education. The poet, at the date of his marriage, was nineteen years of age, and his bride sixteen.

Harriet, as already intimated, was of an easy, trusting, and pliant nature, that any person could have lived with. Her sister Eliza—so admirably described by Jefferson Hogg in his "Life of Shelley"—was a woman composed of all those ingredients which constitute a she-devil, that no man can live with. She was a perpetual torment to the Poet. Shelley knew that animals can't alter their nature. He could not reason with his tormentor, because she was devoid of reasoning faculty. Eliza was much older than Harriet; and, when the latter was not at school, Eliza domineered over her. Eliza considered Shelley and her sister as young people utterly ignorant of the ways of the world, and deemed it her duty to set them right. Their irregular habits, and neglect of all forms and ceremonies, as practised by well-conducted families, perplexed and irritated

Eliza, and she was perpetually lecturing the Poet on proper behaviour. Harriet, from being used to her admonitions, was callous to them; Shelley's sensitive nature could not endure the process, and it generally ended in driving him out of the room.

If our universities cannot teach our boys how to act their parts as men, our female schools do not teach our girls how to act *their* parts as women; otherwise Harriet would have seen that the only prudent course was to get rid of her sister. Shelley's excessive toleration was dangerous, and misled unobservant people; but an observer could see by his face how much he suffered in consequence of what he considered ungenerous or unjust assertions. His indignation was suppressed; he never contradicted or used harsh words to his opponent, and sometimes foolish opponents were absurd enough to think they were converting him to their opinions. He retreated into his burrow to avoid them.

Thus Eliza became a perpetual torment to him with her platitudes and commonplaces. She was bristling all over with knowledge of the ways of the world; and what the world did she thought must be as orthodox as the Gospel. She looked upon



Shelley and Harriet as infants who knew little or nothing. She tried her hand upon Shelley, but considered that he was incorrigibly perverse, and was making her sister as bad as himself. She complained to her friends bitterly of the mean way in which they had been married in Scotland, saying that the great event of a girl's life was the marriage ceremony, and of this Harriet had been defrauded ; that she had been taken away like a piece of smuggled goods into a strange country where they had no relatives or friends, no one to give her away, no wedding dress of silk or satin, no wreath of orange flowers, no presents of trinkets, no public breakfast, or wedding cake, or chaise-and-four with postillions, white gloves, and favours, and nowhere to go to but a paltry lodging. It was a pauper wedding : this grievance rankled in Eliza's mind, and often found vent. Girls look to a triumphant marriage as the great event of their lives ; but Harriet was so simple-minded that she laughed at the affair, and thought it good fun.

Eliza was arbitrary and energetic. Harriet had the difficult task of pacifying her sister, and following in the footsteps of her husband. They wandered

into the Northern Lake district, then into Ireland and Wales, and back to London—as Eliza said, like tramps or gipsies—for nearly three years; then the Poet, lured by a new light, broke his chain, and fled. Harriet sought a refuge with her father. The father at last was confined to his room by sickness, and the sister refused her entrance there. Friendless, and utterly ignorant of the world and its ways, deserted by her husband and family, Harriet was the most forlorn and miserable of her sex—poor and outcast. It is too painful to trace her faltering steps. She made one effort to hold on to life. A man professed to be interested and to sympathize in her fate. He was a captain in the army, and was suddenly ordered to join his regiment abroad. He promised to correspond with her. Her poverty compelled her to seek a refuge in a cheaper lodging; her former landlady refused to forward her letters to her new address. In this deplorable state, fancying that no human being could take the least interest in her, and believing in Shelley's doctrine—that when our last hopes are extinguished, and life is a torment, our only refuge is death—blighted, benighted, and crushed, with hurried steps she

hastened into the Park, and threw herself off the bridge into the Serpentine.

Shelley had lately been on the Continent, and knew nothing of this train of events, supposing Harriet was with her family. The calamity very much changed his character, and was a torment to him during the rest of his life.

The first time I met Thomas Medwin, shortly after Shelley's death, was at Florence. He called to thank me for some service I had done him. He then said,

"You ought to write Shelley's life. You and Williams were his inseparable companions the last and important year of his life. He loved Williams, but Williams died with him. I was at Naples; you alone did all that could be done to the very last. He liked you exceedingly from the first of his seeing you; your enthusiasm and unselfishness charmed him; the same qualities made him like Williams. I have two or three letters of his, and might have had more; but I have been careless of letters, and when moving about I burn them. I will write down things I remember, and give them to you. The

public are quite ignorant of him, and, now he is gone, they will perhaps listen to the truth."

I asked,

"Why cannot his wife write? She has been with him for some years."

Medwin said,

"No, women cannot write men's lives and characters—they don't know them: much less his—he was so different from ordinary men. She told me she could never get him to speak of the past. He disliked being questioned, was impatient, left the room whenever she attempted it; and never spoke of himself. She knows very little of his early life, except what I and others have told her."

TEE.: There are his early friends, Godwin, Peacock, Hogg, and Hunt.

MEDWIN: They were his book-friends, fellow-students. They admired his great abilities, his generosity of character; but they had no sympathy with his writings, they laughed at his transcendentalism and enthusiasm. Shelley said that men herding in great cities might differ widely in theory, but all of them did the same things in their daily life, and though they denounced abuses and cla-

moured for reform, any changes that interrupted their habits they would have abhorred ; they exhausted their strength in words. They will grieve at Shelley's death, some of them, because of his many amiable qualities.

I now (1878) publish at the end of this chapter the four and a half letters that Medwin gave me ; when I wrote before, I had left some of my papers in Italy. Hogg and Peacock were good classical scholars. They read the same books with Shelley, but drew perfectly opposite conclusions from the text,—that furnished them with disputations ; this led to endless discussions, which delighted Shelley, for he was imperturbable in argument. His other London friends were merely men of the day.

Mrs. Shelley had a variety of amiable qualities, but she was possessed of the green-eyed monster, jealousy,

" That follows still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions."

That was an insurmountable impediment to confidential intercourse with her husband.

Whenever the Poet wrote on the subject of love, however abstract or ideal, she misconstrued this, and

considered it treason to herself. She was mournful and desponding in solitude, and panting for society. She used every effort to make Shelley conventional, and to get him to do as others did; her moaning and complaining grieved him, and her society was no solace. The Poet never sought acquaintance with others: very few suited him: his life was entirely solitary, almost without a parallel.

In his inexhaustible thirst for knowledge, chemical and medical books had not escaped him; and seeking to allay the perturbation of his seething brain he had from early life tampered with opiates. He used them in the shape of laudanum. He had always a bottle of that, which he endeavoured to conceal from everyone, disliking to be remonstrated with. He used it with caution at first, but, in times of extreme dejection or in paroxysms of passion, was heedless, and on more than one occasion his life was only preserved by remedies to counteract the poison. Whether he intended to destroy himself or no, is not clear. He differed from other writers who speak of Death as a malignant deity. He writes—

“ She met me, stranger, upon life’s rough way,  
And lured me towards sweet Death.”

*Epipsychidion.*

And again :

“Death, and his brother Sleep.”

*Queen Mab.*

In short, he hardly mentioned death except with love of it, and said no man should complain of life when he had the disposal of it in his own hands.

This habit of taking laudanum accounts for all his visions and occasional delusions, but startled his wife and friends, and was one cause of the pains he had in his side : for it is the effect of opiates, if not counteracted by other means, to paralyse the stomach and other vital organs.

The Professor of Anatomy at Pisa, Vaccà, had ordered him never to take any medicine of any description, and recommended him occasionally to eat animal food.

The last year of his life was, by the evidence of Mrs. Shelley and others, the happiest he had passed in Italy.

Williams and his wife exactly suited him—Williams as a playmate, and his boat as a plaything. Then he had daily conferences on poetry with Byron, and one or two friends who sympathized with him.

Godwin observed to me,—“that Byron must occasionally have said good things, though not capable, as Shelley was, of keeping up a long conversation or argument; and that Shelley must have been of great use to Byron, as from the commencement of their intimacy at Geneva, he could trace an entirely new vein of thought emanating from Shelley, which ran through Byron’s subsequent works, and was so peculiar that it could not have arisen from any other source.” This was true. Byron was but superficial on points on which Shelley was most profound; and the latter’s capacity for study, the depth of his thoughts as well as their boldness, and his superior scholarship, supplied the former with exactly what he wanted: and thus a portion of Shelley’s aspirations were infused into Byron’s mind. Ready as Shelley always was with his purse or person to assist others, his purse had a limit, but his mental wealth seemed to have none; for not only to Byron, but to any one disposed to try his hand at literature, Shelley was ever ready to give any amount of mental labour. Every detail of the life of a man of genius is interesting, and Shelley’s was so pre-eminently, as his life har-



monized with his spiritual theories. He fearlessly laid bare those mysterious feelings and impulses of which few dare to speak, but in a form so purified from earthly matter that the most sensitive reader is never shocked. Shelley says of his own writings in the preface to the "Cenci," "they are little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just—they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be." Whilst he lived, his works fell still-born from the press; he never complained of the world's neglect, or expressed any other feeling than surprise at the rancorous abuse wasted on an author who had no readers. "But for the reviewers," he said, laughing, "I should be utterly unknown." "But for them," I observed, "Williams and I would never have crossed the Alps in chase of you. Our curiosity as sportsmen was excited to see and have a shot at so strange a monster as they represented you to be."

It must not be forgotten that Shelley lived in the good old times, under the paternal government of the Tories, when liberal opinions were prohibited and adjudged as contraband of war. England was then very much like what Naples was in King Bomba's time.

Sidney Smith says,

"From the beginning of the century to the death of Lord Liverpool was an awful period for any one who ventured to maintain liberal opinions. He was sure to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution; 'Jacobin,' 'Leveller,' 'Atheist,' 'Incendiary,' 'Regicide,' were the gentlest terms used, and any man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges was shunned as unfit for social life. To say a word against any abuse which a rich man inflicted, and a poor man suffered, was bitterly and steadily resented," and he adds, that "in one year, 12,000 persons were committed for offences against the Game Laws."

Shelley's life was a proof that the times in which he lived were awful for those who dared to maintain liberal opinions. These caused his expulsion from Oxford, and for them his parents discarded him, every member of his family disowned him, and the savage Chancellor Eldon deprived him of his children.

Sidney Smith says of this Chancellor, that he was "the most heartless, bigoted, and mischievous

of human beings, who passed a long life in perpetuating all sorts of abuses, and in making money of them."

---

*Shelley to Medwin at Geneva.*

*Florence, Jan. 17th, 1820.*

MY DEAR MEDWIN,

The winter at Florence has been, for the climate, unusually severe, and yet I imagine you must have suffered enough in Switzerland to make you regret that you did not come further South. At least I confidently expect that we shall see you in the Spring. We are fixed for the ensuing year in Tuscany, and you will always find me by addressing me at Leghorn.

Perhaps you belong to the tribe of the hopeless, and nothing shocks or surprises you in politics.

I have enough of unrebuked hope remaining to be struck with horror at the proceedings in England; yet I reflect, as a last consolation, that oppression which authorizes often produces resistance. These are not times in which one has much spirit for writing poetry, although there is a keen air in them

that sharpens the wits of men, and makes them imagine vividly even in the midst of despondence.

I dare say the lake before you is a plain of solid ice, bounded by the snowy hills, whose white mantles contrast with the aerial rose-colour of the eternal glaciers—a scene more grand, yet like the recesses of the Antarctic circle. If your health allows you to skate, this plain is the floor of your Paradise, and the white world seems spinning backwards as you fly. The thaw may have arrived, or you may have departed, and this letter reach you in a very different scene.

This Italy, believe me, is a pleasant place, especially Rome and Naples. Tuscany is delightful eight months of the year; but nothing reconciles me to the slightest indication of winter, much less such infernal cold as my nerves have been racked upon for the last ten days. At Naples all the worst is over in three weeks. When you come hither, you must take up your abode with me, and I will give you all the experience which I have bought, at the usual market price, during the last year and an half residence in Italy.

You used, I remember, to paint very well, and you were remarkable, if I do not mistake, for a peculiar taste in and knowledge of the *belle arti*. Italy is the place for you, the very place—the Paradise of exiles, the retreat of Pariahs. But I am thinking of myself rather than of you. If you will be glad to see an old friend, who will be very glad to see you—if this is any inducement—come to Italy.

*To Medwin at Geneva.*

*Pisa, April 16th, 1820.*

MY DEAR MEDWIN,

I have delayed answering your letter and sending you my ideas on its valuable accompaniment in consequence of an inexplicable *impiccio* of the Genoese post, which got hold of your last communication, and which yet rests to be cleared up. I determined, so soon as I found that the measures for obtaining it from them were drawn out to a hopeless length, to write immediately, and entreat you to send me a duplicate by Dejean's Diligence which goes to Florence, and addressed to me at Mr. Klieber's the banker there, who will immediately forward it to

me. I conjecture that it must be the printed book which you mention in your letter; I am consoled by reflecting that the loss and annoyance is less than if it had been a MS.

The volume of which you speak, if it resemble the "Pindarus," I cannot doubt is calculated to produce a considerable sensation. That poem is highly fit for popularity, considered in its subject; there being a strong demand in the imagination of our contemporaries for the scenery and situations which you have studied. I admire equally the richness and variety of the imagery with the ease and profusion of language in which it is expressed.

Perhaps the severe criticism of a friend, jealous of every error, might discern some single lines and expressions which may be conceived to be changed for the better. But these are few, and I by no means conceive myself qualified to do more than point them out; and if I should incur, as is probable, the charge of hypercriticism, you will know to what motives and feelings to impute it. I will enclose your "Pindarus" by the next post, with a list of these, and such corrections, since you ask me for them, as I can best make. But remember, I will

not vouch for their not being much inferior to the passages they supplant. The only general error, if it be such, in your poem, seems to me to be the employment of Indian words, in the body of the piece, and the relegation of their meaning to the notes. Strictly, I imagine, every expression in a poem ought to be 'in itself an intelligible picture. But this practice, though foreign to that of the great poets of former times, is so highly admired by our contemporaries that I can hardly counsel you to dissent. And then you have Moore and Lord Byron on your side, who, being much better and more successful poets than I am, may be supposed to know better the road to success than one who has sought and missed it. I am printing some things which I am vain enough to wish you to see. Not that they will sell; they are the reverse, in this respect, of the razors in Peter Pindar. A man like me can in fact only be a poet by dint of stinting himself of meat and drink to pay his printer's bills; that is, he can only print poems on this condition. But there is every reason to hope better things for you.

You will find me at Pisa in the autumn. Pisa

until December will be an excellent climate for you, nor am I aware that Naples or Sicily would be more favourable, all things considered. The sun is certainly warmer, but unless you fit up a house expressly for the purpose of warmth, the Tramontana will enter by a thousand crevices, charged with frozen and freezing atoms. I suffered dreadfully at Naples from the cold, far more than at Florence, where I had a warm room, spending two successive winters in those cities. We shall at all events be at Pisa in the autumn, and I am almost certain we shall remain during the whole winter in a pleasant villa outside the gates. We will make you as comfortable as we can, but our *ménage* is too philosophic to abound in much external luxury. The rest must be made up in good-will. Mrs. Shelley desires me to say how acceptable your visit will be to her. If you should come before the autumn, we shall be at the Baths of Lucca, a delightful place, about thirty miles from this town.

You will find me a wretched invalid unless a great change should take place.

As to the expense of Italy—why, it is a very cheap place. A crown here goes as far as a pound



note in England in all affairs of eating and drinking. The single article of clothes is the same. Geneva seems to me about as dear as England; but I may have been horribly cheated.

I ought to tell you that we do not enter into society. The few people we see are those who suit us, and I believe nobody but us. I find saloons and compliments too great bores; though I am of an extremely social disposition. I hope if they come to Italy I may see the lovely lady and your friend. Though I have never had the ague, I have found these sort of beings, especially the former, of infinite service in the maladies to which I am subject; and I have no doubt, if it could be supposed that anyone would neglect to employ such a medicine, that the best physicians would prescribe them, although they have been entered in no pharmacopœia.

Forgive my joking on what all poets ought to consider a sacred subject. Courage! when we meet we will sit upon our melancholy and disorders, bind them like an evil genius and bury them in the Tyrrhene sea, nine fathoms deep. Adieu.

Affectionately yours,

P. B. S.

*To Medwin at Geneva. (Fragment.)*

"No antidote could know."

Suppose you erase line twenty-four, which seems superfluous, as one does not see why Oswald shunned the *chase* in particular. So, you will put in what you think are amendments, and which I have proposed because they appeared such to me. The poem is certainly very beautiful. I think the conclusion rather morbid; that a man should kill himself is one thing, but that he should live on in the dismal way that poor Oswald does is too much. But it is the spirit of the age, and we are all infected with it. Send me as soon as you can copies of your printed poems.

I have just published a tragedy called the "Cenci," and I see they have reprinted it at Paris at Galignani's. I dare say you will see the French edition, full of errors of course, at Geneva. The people from England tell me it is liked. It is dismal enough. My chief endeavour was to produce a delineation of passions which I had never participated in, in chaste language, and according to the rules of enlightened art. I

don't think very much of it; but it is for you to judge.

Particularly, my dear friend, write to me an account of your motions, and when and where we may expect to see you. Are you not tempted by the Baths of Lucca?

I have been seriously ill since I last wrote to you, but I am now recovering.

Affectionately yours,

P. B. S.

*Pisa, May 1st, 1820.*

---

*To Medwin at Milan (re-addressed to Geneva).*

MY DEAR MEDWIN,

I wrote to you a day or two ago at Geneva. I have since received your letter from the mountains. How much I envy you, or rather how much I sympathize in the delights of your wandering. I have a passion for such expeditions, although partly the capriciousness of my health, and partly the want of the incitement of a companion, keep me at home. I see the mountains, the sky, and the trees from my windows, and recollect, as an old man does the mis-

tress of his youth, the raptures of a more familiar intercourse, but without his regrets, for their forms are yet living in my mind. I hope you will not pass Tuscany, leaving your promised visit unpaid. I leave it to you to make the project of taking up your abode with such an animal of the other world as I am, agreeable to your friend; but Mrs. Shelley unites with me in assuring both yourself and him that, whatever else may be found deficient, a sincere welcome is at least in waiting for you.

I am delighted with your approbation of my "Cenci," and am encouraged to wish to present you with "Prometheus Unbound," a drama also, but a composition of a totally different character. I do not know if it be wise to affect variety in compositions, or whether the attempt to excel in many ways does not debar from excellence in one particular kind. "Prometheus Unbound" is in the merest spirit of ideal poetry, and not, as the name would indicate, a mere imitation of the Greek drama; or, indeed, if I have been successful, is it an imitation of anything. But you will judge. I hear it is just printed, and I probably shall receive copies from England before I see you. Your objection to the

“Cenci”—as to the introduction of the name of God—is good, inasmuch as the play is addressed to a Protestant people; but *we* Catholics speak eternally and familiarly of the First Person of the Trinity, and, amongst *us*, religion is more interwoven with, and is less extraneous to, the system of ordinary life. As to Cenci’s curse, I know not whether I can defend it or no. I wish I may be able; and, as it often happens respecting the worst part of an author’s work, it is a particular favourite with me. I prided myself—as since your approbation I hope that I had just cause to do—upon the two concluding lines of the play. I confess I cannot approve of the squeamishness which excludes the exhibition of such *subjects* from the scene—a squeamishness the produce, as I firmly believe, of a lower tone of the public mind, and foreign to the majestic and confident wisdom of the golden age of our country. What think you of my boldness? I mean to write a play, in the spirit of human nature, without prejudice or passion, entitled “Charles the First.” So vanity intoxicates people; but let those few who praise my verses, and in whose approbation I take so much delight, answer for the sin.

I wonder what in the world the Queen has done. I should not wonder, after the whispers I have heard, to find that the green bag contained evidence that she had imitated Pasiphae, and that the Committee should recommend to Parliament a Bill to exclude all Minotaurs from the succession. What silly stuff is this to employ a great nation about. I wish the King and the Queen, like Punch and his wife, would fight out their disputes in person.

What is very strange, I can in no manner discover your parcels; I never knew anything more unfortunate. Klieber sends me your letters regularly (which, by-the-bye, I wish in future you would direct to Pisa, as I have no money business now in Florence), but he has heard of no parcel or book.

This warm weather agrees excellently with me; I only wish it would last all the year. Many things both to say and to hear be referred until we meet.

Your affectionate friend,

P. B. S.

*Pisa, July 20, 1820.*

*To Medwin at Geneva.**Pisa, August 22nd, 1821.*

MY DEAR MEDWIN,

How do you know that there are not seven distinct letters, patiently waiting with the Williams', seven lost letters, in the seven distinct post offices of Italy, whose contents you have never unveiled? To write to you hitherto would have been such an enterprise as if the oyster might undertake a correspondence with the eagle, with orders that the billets should be left until called for on every promontory, thunder cloud, or mountain, where the imperial bird might chance to pass.

I have read with pleasure your elegant stanzas on Tivoli. What have you done with the compositions you have sent to England? I am particularly interested in the fate of the stanzas on the lake of Geneva, which seemed to me the best you ever wrote. Have you any idea, according to my counsel, of disciplining your powers to any more serious undertaking? It might at once contribute to your happiness and your success; but consider that poetry, although its source is native and involuntary, requires in its development severe attention.

I am happy to hear that "Adonais" pleased you; I was considering how I could send you a copy; nor am I less flattered by your friend Sir John's approbation. I think I shall write again. Whilst you were with me, that is, during the latter period, and after you went away, I was harassed by some severe disquietudes, the causes of which are now I hope almost at an end. What were the speculations which you say disturbed you? My mind is at peace respecting nothing so much as the constitution and mysteries of the great system of things; my curiosity on this point never amounts to solicitude. Williams's play, if not a dramatic effort of the highest order, is one of the most manly, spirited, and natural pieces of writing I ever met with. It is full of observation, both of nature and of human-nature; the theatrical effect and interest seems to be strong and well kept up. I confess that I was surprised at his success, and shall be still more so if it is not universally acknowledged on the stage. It is worth fifty such things as Cornwall's "Miran-dola."

I am just returned from a visit to Lord Byron at Ravenna, whom I have succeeded in rousing to



attack the "Quarterly." I believe he is about to migrate to this part of the world.

We see the Williams every day, and my regard for them is every day increased; I hardly know which I like best, but I know that Jane is your favourite.

We are yet undecided for Florence or Pisa this winter, but in either of these places I confidently expect that we shall see you. Mary unites with me in best regards, and I remain, my dear Medwin,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

P. B. SHELLEY.

I am delighted to hear that you have so entirely recovered your health; I hardly dared to hope so last winter.

P.S.—I think you must have put up by mistake a MS. translation of the "Symposium" of Plato; if so, pray contrive to send it me. I have one or two of your books which I keep till you give me instructions.

I add also a letter—

*From Mrs. Shelley.*

At Jane's request I enclose you this letter. Of

course, the horse is useless to her; nor could she keep it in any way, nor can she in her state of mind attend to it. If nothing else can be done with it, you can sell it to pay its expenses, but you will be so kind as to attend to the affair yourself.

I ought to say something more about that which has left us in desolation. But why should I *attrister* you with my despair? I will only mention Jane, since you will be interested and anxious, perhaps. She is not well, she does not sleep; but I hope with care she may get better. God knows! She must have struggles, and no one is more unfit for them. No woman had ever more need of a protector; but we shall be together, and until she joins either her mother or Edward's brother, who is expected next year, I shall be with her. Seven or six weeks ago—just three weeks before this blank moral death visited me—I was very ill, near dying; but I have got through it all. I had not been out of the house from illness when Jane and I posted to Leghorn from Lerici to get intelligence of them; and without intelligence, without rest, we returned, to wait ten days for the confirmation of our sentence of a life of eternal pain. Yet not eternal: I think we are

all short-lived. But for my child, I would take up my abode at Rome. Rome is a good nurse, and soon rocks to a quiet grave those who seek death. I scrawl all this nonsense, I know not why. I intended to have written two words only; but grief makes my mind active, and, my pen in my hand, I run on by instinct. I could do so for sheets.

Adieu! I hope you will be happy.

Yours very truly,

MARY W. SHELLEY.

*July 29th, 1822.*

S. and I were united exactly eight years ago yesterday. On the 4th of August he would have been thirty. Except that his health was getting better and better, I would not selfishly desire that his angelic spirit should again inhabit that frame which tormented it. He is alive and often with me now. Everyone feels the same; all say that he was an elemental spirit, imprisoned here, but free and happy now. I am not now, one day I hope to be, worthy to join him. My life is chalked out to me: it will be one of study only, except for my poor boy. The children are in excellent health.

## CHAPTER XIV.

It is mentioned in my narrative, that when I left Leghorn, in the "Bolivar," to burn the bodies, I despatched two large feluccas, with ground-tackling to drag for Shelley's foundered boat, having previously ascertained the spot in which she had been last seen afloat. This was done for five or six days, and they succeeded in finding her, but failed in getting her up. I then wrote the particulars to my friend Capt. Roberts, who was still at Genoa, asking him to complete the business. He did so, whilst I went on to Rome, and, as will be seen by the following letters, he not only found, but got her up, and brought her into the harbour of Leghorn.

*Pisa, Sept. 1822.*

DEAR T.

We have got fast hold of Shelley's boat, and she is now safe at anchor off Via Reggio. Everything

is in her, and clearly proves that she was not capsized. I think she must have been swamped by a heavy sea; we found in her two trunks, that of Williams, containing money and clothes, and Shelley's, filled with books and clothes.

Yours, very sincerely,

DAN ROBERTS.

*Sept. 18, 1822.*

DEAR T.

I consulted Ld. B., on the subject of paying the crews of the felucca employed in getting up the boat. He advised me to sell her by auction, and to give them half the proceeds of the sale. I rode your horse to Via Reggio. On Monday we had the sale, and only realized a trifle more than two hundred dollars.

The two masts were carried away just above board, the bowsprit broken off close to the bows, the gunwale stove in, and the hull half full of blue clay, out of which we fished clothes, books, spy-glass, and other articles. A hamper of wine that Shelley bought at Leghorn, a present for the harbour-master of Lerici, was spoilt, the corks forced

partly out of the bottles, and the wine mixed with the salt-water. You know, this is effected by the pressure of the cold sea-water.

We found in the boat two memorandum-books of Shelley's, quite perfect, and another damaged; a journal of Williams's, quite perfect, written up to the 4th of July. I washed the printed books: some of them were so glued together by the slimy mud that the leaves could not be separated: most of these things are now in Ld. B.'s custody. The letters, private papers, and Williams's journal, I left in charge of Hunt.

Ld. B. has found out that you left at Genoa some of the ballast of the "Bolivar," and he asked me to sell it for him.

P.S.—On a close examination of Shelley's boat, we find many of the timbers on the starboard quarter broken, which makes me think for certain that she must have been run down by some of the feluccas in the squall.

DAN ROBERTS.

Byron's spirit was always fretting for action, but his body was a drag that held him back. One of his

pleas for hoarding money was that he might buy a province in Chili or Peru, to which he once added, archly, "of course with a gold or silver mine to pay usance for my monies:" at another time it was Mexico and copper; and when savage with the Britishers, he would threaten to go to the United States and be naturalized; he once asked me to apply to the American consul at Leghorn, and Commodore Jones of the American navy, then in the harbour, offered him a passage. Byron visited the ship, and was well pleased with his reception; there was a beginning but no middle or end to his enterprises. The under-current of his mind was always drifting towards the East; he envied the free and independent manner in which Lady Hester Stanhope lived in Syria, and often reverted to it. He said he would have gone there if she had not forestalled him.

Then his thoughts veered round to his early love, the Isles of Greece, and the revolution in that country—for before that time he never dreamt of donning the warrior's plume, though the peace-loving Shelley had suggested and I urged it. He asked me to get him any information I could

amongst my friends at Leghorn of the state of Greece; but as it was a common practice of his to make such inquiries without any serious object, I took little heed of his request.

We were then at Pisa in the old palace, which he was about giving up, Mrs. Shelley having gone to Genoa, and taken for him the Casa Saluzzi at Albaro, near Genoa; the Hunts too were about moving to the same destination. I had determined to return to Rome, but stopped to convoy them in the "Bolivar."

When a lazy and passive master who has never learnt, or if he may have learnt has forgotten, how to put on his trousers, shave, or brush his hair, in a sudden ecstasy or impulse resolves to do everything for himself and everybody else, as Byron now attempted to do, the hubbub, din, and confusion that ensue are frightful. If the Casa Lanfranchi had been on fire at midnight it could not have been worse, nor I more pleased at escaping from it, as I did, under the plea of getting the flotilla ready at Leghorn.

In September we all left Tuscany, Byron by land, the Hunts in one felucca; and Byron's servants, and



what the Yankee would have called a freight of notions, in another; for as Byron never sold or gave away anything he had acquired, there was all the rubbish accumulated in the many years he had lived in Italy, besides his men, women, dogs, and monkeys, and all that was theirs. In the "Bolivar" I had only a few things, such as plate, books, and papers; we put into Lerici, and there all met again. I took Hunt to the Villa Magni where Shelley had lived. Byron came on board the "Bolivar," we had a sail and a swim (as mentioned in my sixth Chapter), after which he was seized with spasms and remained two days in bed. On my visiting him and questioning him as to his ailments, he said he was always "bedevilled for a week after moving."

"No wonder," I answered, "if you always make such a dire commotion before it."

"Look in that book," pointing to one on the table, Thomas's "Domestic Medicine," "look for a prescription."

"For what? what is your complaint?" I said.  
"How do you feel?"

"Feel! why, just as that damned obstreperous fellow felt chained to a rock, the vultures gnawing

my midriff, and vitals too, for I have no liver." As the spasms returned, he roared out, "I don't care for dying, but I cannot bear this! It's past joking, call Fletcher; give me something that will end it—or me! I can't stand it much longer."

His valet brought some ether and laudanum, and we compounded a drench as prescribed in the book, with an outward application of hot towels, and other remedies. Luckily, the medico of Lerici was absent, so in two or three days our patient was well enough to resume his journey, and we all started for Genoa, where we arrived without further accident.

All that were now left of our Pisan circle established themselves at Albaro—Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Shelley. I took up my quarters in the city of palaces. The fine spirit that had animated and held us together was gone. Left to our own devices, we degenerated apace.

## CHAPTER XV.

It is the same!—For be it joy or sorrow,  
The path of its departure still is free  
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow  
Naught may endure but Mutability.

SHELLEY.

Even I, least thinking of a thoughtless throng,  
Just skilled to know the right and choose the wrong;  
Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,  
To fight my course through passion's countless host;  
Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way  
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

BYRON considered it indispensable to the preservation of his popularity that he should keep continually before the public; and thought an alliance with an able and friendly newspaper would be an easy way of doing so. Not that he would or could submit to the methodical drudgery of continually writing for one, but that he might occasionally use it for criticizing and attacking those who offended

him, as a vent for his splenetic humours. Shelley opposed the scheme; still, Byron had a hankering to try his powers in those hand-to-hand conflicts, then in vogue even in the great Reviews.

The appetites of actors, authors, and artists for popularity, are insatiable. The craving to be noticed is general; it begins at birth and ends in death. It grows by what it feeds on. The morbid yearning in some minds for notoriety, or to make a sensation, is such, that, rather than be unnoticed, they invent crimes, and lay claim to the good or evil deeds of others.

"The aspiring fool that fired the Ephesian dome  
Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that raised it."

SHAKESPEARE.

When he consented to join Leigh Hunt and others in writing for the "Liberal," I think Byron's principal inducement was in the belief that John and Leigh Hunt were proprietors of the "Examiner;"—so when Leigh Hunt at Pisa told him he was no longer connected with that paper, Byron was taken aback, finding that Hunt would be entirely dependent on the success of their hazardous project, while he would himself be deprived of that on which

he had set his heart,—the use of a weekly paper in great circulation.

The death of Shelley, and the failure of the "Liberal," irritated Byron; the cuckoo-note, "I told you so," sung by his friends, and the loud crowing of enemies, by no means allayed his ill-humour. In this frame of mind he was continually planning how to extricate himself. His plea for hoarding was that he might have a good round tangible sum of current coin to aid him in any emergency, as "money," he observed, "is the only true and constant friend a wise man puts his trust in. They used to call me spendthrift, now they call me miser. Spending don't turn to account, so I am trying what saving will do. I want a sum of money independent of income. £30,000 will do—£10,000 I have—to buy a principality in one of the South American States—Chili or Peru. Lady Hester Stanhope's way of life in Syria would just suit my humour."

I replied,

"They are not habitable for strangers yet. Better buy one of the Greek islands; the Turks would sell them cheap now."

Byron answered,

“We shall see. Prudent people talk of a middle course; I am always for extremes. A short cut; all or nothing.”

He exhausted himself in planning, projecting, beginning, wishing, intending, postponing, regretting, and doing nothing: the unready are fertile in excuses, and his were inexhaustible; so I determined to be off. At this time a committee was formed in London to aid the Greeks in their war of independence, and shortly after I wrote to one of the most active movers in it, Lieut. Blaquiere, to ask information as to their objects and intentions, and mentioned Byron as being very much interested on the subject of Greece; the Lieutenant wrote, as from the committee, direct to Byron, in the grandiloquent style which all authorities, especially self-constituted ones, delight in. In the early part of 1823 Blaquiere on his way to the Ionian Islands stopped at Genoa, and saw Byron, whom he informed of his intention to visit Greece, in order to see how matters were progressing. He said that his lordship had been unanimously elected a member of the Greek Committee, and that his name was a

tower of strength; he brought Byron's credentials, and a mass of papers. The propositions of the committee came at the right moment; the Pilgrim was dissatisfied with himself and his position. Greece and its memories warmed him, a new career opened before him. His first impulses were always ardent, but if not acted on instantly, they cooled. He was a prompt penman, often answering in hot haste letters that excited his feelings, and following his first replies up by others to allay their fervour, or as the Persians have it, "eating his words." But the Greek Committee were not to be fobbed off; they resolved to have him on any terms, so they assented to all he suggested. The official style of the documents sent by the committee, the great seal and the prodigality of wax and diplomatic phrases, as well as the importance attached to his name, and the great events predicted from his personal exertions, tickled the Poet's fancy. The negotiation with the committee occupied some months before Byron, perplexed in the extreme, finally committed himself. He might well hesitate. It would have been difficult to find a man more unfit for such an enterprise; but he had a great name, and

that was all the committee required. The marvel was that he lent it. Moore, Byron's biographer, suggests that he embarked in this crusade to rekindle his mental light and failing popularity, whereas the chronology of his works proves that his mental powers waxed stronger as he grew older, and that his last poems were his best. That envy, malice, and hatred bedogged his steps, snarling and snapping, is true, but neither his power nor popularity had declined, nor did he think so.

In after years I called on Mr. Murray, his late publisher, whom I met coming from his *sanctum*, accompanied by a sallow-visaged young man. As soon as the young man left the shop, Murray said,

"He asked me to read a poem he had with him, and, if I approved, to publish it; said that it was highly commended, &c. &c. I declined, saying I was no judge; that I had refused several popular writers. I had made up my mind, on losing the great poet, not to publish another line of verse."

"Have you," I asked, "found poetry unprofitable?"

He replied,



"This morning I looked over my ledger, and I find £75,000 has passed over that counter from Lord Byron's pen alone. Can any one in the trade say as much? And then look at the time it was done in—ten years. I think that proves he was a great poet."

I said, "And yet you declined publishing what he wrote in the last year of his life, intimating that his popularity was declining, and that his writings were becoming immoral, which offended him. Shelley said his 'Vision of Judgment' and the last cantos of 'Don Juan' were excellent."

Murray replied,

"His friends were at me from morning till night. They said that the people in good society were shocked at the low tone he had fallen into. They attributed this to the vicious set he had got about him at Pisa (looking knowingly at me, as I was one of them); and they bothered me into remonstrating with him, and I was fool enough to do so in haste, and have repented at leisure of my folly, for Mr. Gifford, the ablest scholar of them all, and one who did not throw his words away, as well as a few men of the same stamp, occasionally

dropped remarks which satisfied me I had done wrong in alluding to the subject, for it was after reading the latter cantos of 'Don Juan' that Mr. Gifford said—

“ ‘ Upon my soul, I do not know where to place Byron. I think we can't find a niche for him unless we go back and place him after Shakespeare and Milton ’—after a pause—‘ there is no other place for him.’

“ When I advertised a new poem from his pen, this quiet street was as thronged with carriages and people as Regent Street, and this shop was crowded with lords and ladies and footmen, so that the trade could not get near the counter to be served.<sup>1</sup> That was something like business. That great man with his pen could alone have supported a publishing establishment, and I was bereft of my senses to throw it away. They talked of his immoral writings: there is a whole row from the greatest writers—including sermons—why don't they buy them? I am sick of the sight of them, they have remained there so long they seem glued to the shelf.”

<sup>1</sup> It is related that 14,000 copies of the “ Corsair ” were sold in one day.

I said, "That is what Byron tells you is the cant of the age."

I observed to Murray that Moore had only seen Byron in society; his Life of his brother Bard was a mystification; his comments might be considered very eloquent as a rhapsody, if they had been spoken over the Poet's grave, but they give no idea of the individuality of the man.

"The most valuable parts of Moore's Life are the letters addressed to you," I continued; "and as they were designed for publication, you should have printed them with his prose works."

Murray replied, "You are quite right. If ever a statute of lunacy is taken out against me, it must be on the plea of my mad agreement with Moore for Byron's Life, by which I lost credit, and a great deal of money; but it is not too late to redeem my error so far as the public is concerned; rather than leave it as it is, I will get Lockhart, or somebody else, to do the thing as it should be done."

I have been seduced into this digression to show from what a small squad of malignants came the cry of Byron's failing powers and popularity: I am also reminded of a conversation I had with

Byron. I found him at Albaro one day counting up his money, and some remark being made about how he and Scott had raised the price of literature, and the large sum Moore was said to have received for "Lalla Rookh," he said, "I have been calculating, and find that I have received £24,000, that is pretty well."

In December, 1822, I laid up the Poet's pleasure-boat, paid off the crew, retaining the first mate in my service as a groom, and early in the following year, 1823, started on horseback—with the afore-said sailor, mounted, to act as tender,—to take a cruise inland. So during Byron's negotiation with the Greek Committee, and Blaquiere's visit to Albaro, I was absent, but being apprized of what was going on I was not surprised when in Rome at receiving the following note:—

*June 15, 1823.*

MY DEAR T.

You must have heard that I am going to Greece. Why do you not come to me? I want your aid, and am exceedingly anxious to see you. Pray come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece; it is the only place I was ever contented in. I am

serious, and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing ; they all say I can be of use in Greece. I do not know how, nor do they ; but at all events let us go.

Yours, &c., truly,

N. BYRON.

To show Byron's vacillating state of mind, I quote some passages from letters I received at that time.

Captain Roberts, in a letter dated May 26, 1823, Genoa, says, "Between you and me, I think there is small chance of Byron's going to Greece ; so I think from the wavering manner in which he speaks of it ; he said the other day, ' Well, Captain, if we do not go to Greece, I am determined to go somewhere, and hope we shall all be at sea together by next month, as I am tired of this place, the shore, and all the people on it.' "

Ten days after, in a letter dated the 5th June, Roberts writes me :

"Byron has sold the ' Bolivar ' to Lord Blessington for four hundred guineas, and is determined to go to Greece : he says, whilst he was in

doubt, fearing it might prove no reality, he did not like to bring you here; now, he wishes much to see you to have your opinion as to what steps it will be most necessary to take. I have been on board several vessels with him; as yet he has not decided on any of them. I think he would find it answer, now he has sold the schooner, to buy the three-masted clipper we saw at Leghorn, to refit and arm her (as I am much of your way of thinking) for a big gun or two, and legs to run and wings to pursue, as the case may be, for the Greek waters are pestered with pirates. I have written by his desire to Dunn about her; if you come here by way of Leghorn, pray overhaul her, and then you will be able to give him your opinion. I think she will do excellently well, except the accommodation—the cabin is small. He has asked me to be of the party.”

Four days after I had received the above, Mrs. Shelley having just seen Byron, wrote me from Genoa, June 9th:

“Lord Byron says, that as he has not heard from Greece, his going there is uncertain: but if he does go, he is extremely desirous that you should

join him, and if you will continue to let him know where you may be found, he will inform you as soon as he comes to any decision."

This was not the last of Byron's counter-messages to me, besides commissions which I was urged instantly to execute; knowing him, I took no heed nor made any preparations until he wrote me that he had chartered a vessel. On the 22nd I received this note from him :

DEAR T.

I have engaged a vessel (now on her way to Leghorn to unload), and on her return to Genoa we embark. She is called the "Hercules;" you can come back in her if you like, it will save you a land journey. I need not say I shall like your company of all things. I want a surgeon, native or foreign, to take charge of medical stores, and be in personal attendance. Salary, a hundred pounds a year, and his treatment at our table, as a companion and a gentleman. He must have recommendations, of course. Could you look out for me? Perhaps you can consult Vaccà, to whom I have written on the same subject; we are, however, pressed for time a

little. I expect you with impatience, and am ever yours,

N. B.

Byron's letters to his literary allies were written carefully, expressly to be shown about. He said, on seeing the word *private* on a letter, "That will insure its becoming public. If I really wish mine to be private, I say things that my correspondents don't wish divulged." When he wrote on the spur of the moment his letters were often obscure and peevish; if he gave them me to read, and I told him they would offend, he would rewrite them still more offensively. Omitting his more lengthy scrawls, as they would require tedious notes to explain them, I give two or three short samples of his ordinary natural style.

On his hearing that a naval officer of the "Despatch" sloop of war had boarded his boat at Leghorn, and taken away her pennant, he wrote to me:

*Pisa, August 10, 1822.*

DEAR T.

I always foresaw and told you that they would



take every opportunity of annoying me in every respect. If you get American papers and permission to sail under their flag, I shall be very glad, and should much prefer it, but I doubt that it will be very difficult.

Yours,

N. B.

Byron had a dispute with Captain Roberts on a very frivolous subject; he sent me a letter to forward to the Captain; I refused to forward it, saying it would not do, on which he wrote me the following.

*Genoa, 9<sup>ber</sup> 29<sup>th</sup>, 1822.*

MY DEAR T.

I enclose you a letter from, and another to, Captain R., which may be more to your taste, but at any rate it contains all that I have to say on the subject; you will, I presume, write, and enclose it or not according to your own opinion [it was one of his long-winded, offensive epistles, so I did not send it]. I repeat that I have no wish for a quarrel, but if it comes unlooked for, it must be received accordingly. I recognize no right in any man to

interfere between me and men in my pay, of whose conduct I have the best right to judge.

Yours, ever and afterwards,

N. B.

9ber 21<sup>st</sup>, 1822.

MY DEAR T.

Thank you, I was just going to send you down some books, and the compass of the "Don Juan," which I believe belongs to Captain Roberts; if there is anything of yours on board the "Bolivar," let me know, that I may send it or keep it for you. I don't know how our account stands; you will let me know if there is any balance due to you, that I may pay it. I am willing to make any agreement with a proper person in the arsenal to look after her, and also to have the rigging deposited in a safe place. I have given the boy and one of the men their clothes, and if Mr. Beeze had been civil, and Frost honest, I should not have been obliged to go so near the wind with them. But I hate bothering you with these things. I agree with you in your parting sentence, and hope we shall have better luck another time. There is one satisfaction, however, which is, that the displeasures

have been rather occasioned by untoward circumstances, and not by the disposition of any party concerned. But such are human things even in little; we would hardly have had more plague with a first-rate. No news of any kind from England, which don't look well.

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

This referred to a threatened prosecution of his "Vision of Judgment," which had been published in Hunt's "Liberal."

Leigh Hunt, in his metaphysical gossip about Byron, professes to assign motives for everything he said; but the constitution of their minds was so dissimilar in the whole world you could not find two men more differently constituted. Indeed a man himself cannot assign a motive for all the idle words he speaks, or even for his trifling acts; they are involuntary.

## CHAPTER XVI.

He passed forth, and new adventure sought ;  
Long way he travelled before he heard of aught.

*Fairy Queene.*

FORWARDING my traps to Leghorn, I was soon on the road to Genoa. My sailor groom had returned to his family, and I engaged an American born negro to fill his place. In Italy, I invariably travelled on horseback. The distances from one town to another are short, the scenery is varied, and the climate beautiful; besides, Italy is peculiarly adapted to this slow, yet only way of thoroughly seeing a country. Most travellers fly through in a string, like a flock of wild geese, merely alighting at the great cities. As the weather was hot and the days long, we started every morning at four or five o'clock, and jogged along until ten or eleven, then pulled up at town, village, or solitary locanda, or in default of these, looked out for a wood, dell,

ruin, or other place that promised shade and water. Then dismounting we fed our horses from nose-bags, made up a fire, boiled coffee, breakfasted off such things as we had brought with us, smoked our pipes and fell asleep. Our provender was carried by the black, in old-fashioned saddle-bags. In that fine climate our wants were so few that they provided ample stowage room. I had two excellent Hungarian cavalry horses, bought from an Austrian colonel. Our usual day's travel was from thirty-five to forty-five miles; the best half of the distance we always accomplished before breakfast, so that our day's journey was completed at four or five in the evening, and every day both horses and men improved in condition. If there is any healthier or pleasanter way of life than this, I can only say, I have never enjoyed it.

However long the journey, it was never tedious, and I always regretted its termination. I stopped two days at Florence, and then shaped my course for the sea-board, through Massa and Rapallo, Sarzana, Lerici and Spezzia, on which coast everything was familiar to me, and associated with the memories of my lost friends Shelley and Williams.

My horses stopped at their accustomed locandas, and many familiar faces came out to welcome me.

I arrived early at Lerici, and determined to sleep there, and finish my journey to Genoa on the following day. In the evening, I walked to the Villa Magni, where the Shelleys had last lived, and the ground-floor having neither door nor window, I walked in. Shelley's shattered skiff in which he used to go adventuring, as he termed it, in rivers and canals, was still there: in that little flat-bottomed boat he had written many beautiful things,—

“ Our boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,  
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,  
The helm sways idly, hither and thither ;  
Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,  
And the oars and the sails : but 'tis sleeping fast.”

And here it was, sleeping still on the mud floor, with its mast and oars broken. I mounted the stairs or rather ladder into the dining-room they had lived in, for this and four small bedrooms was all the space they had. As I surveyed its splotchy walls, broken floor, cracked ceiling, and poverty-struck appearance, while I noted the loneliness of the situation, and remembered the fury of the waves

that in blowing weather lashed its walls, I did not marvel at Mrs. Shelley's and Mrs. Williams's groans on first entering it; nor that it had required all Ned Williams's persuasive powers to induce them to stop there. We men had only looked at the sea and scenery, and would have been satisfied with a tent. But women look to a house as their empire. Ladies without a drawing-room are like pictures without frames, or birds without feathers; knowing this, they set to work with a will, and transformed it into a very pleasant abode.

One of the customs of the natives of this bay reminded me of the South Sea Islanders. At sunset the whole population of men, women, and children, took to the water, sporting in it for hours like wild ducks; we occasionally did the same, Shelley especially delighting in the sport. His wife looked grave, and said "it was improper." Shelley protested vehemently against the arbitrary power of the word, saying, "Hush, Mary; that insidious word has never been echoed by these woods and rocks: don't teach it them. It was one of the words my fellow serpent whispered into Eve's ear, and when I hear it, I wish I was far away on some lone island,

with no other inhabitants than seals, sea-birds and water-rats." Then turning to his friend, he continued, "At Pisa, Mary said a jacket was not proper, because others did not wear them, and here it's not proper to bathe, because everybody does. Oh! what shall we do?"

The next day I started at daylight for Genoa, and when I came near Albaro, I sent my horses to the city, and walked to the Casa Saluzzi; of which all the doors and windows were open, as is usual in Italian country houses during summer evenings. I walked in, and as I did not see any of Byron's people, I looked into five or six of the fifty or sixty rooms which the palace contained, before I found the Pilgrim's penetralia: he was so deeply absorbed that he did not hear my steps. There he sat with a pen in his hand and papers before him, with a painfully perplexed expression and heated brow, such as an inspired Pythoness might have had on her tripod. I thought it a sacrilege to profane his sanctuary, and was hesitating whether I should retreat or advance, when his bull-dog Moretto came in from the hall: so I spoke to the dog.

Byron, recognizing my voice, sprang up with his



usual alacrity and shook my hand with unusual warmth. After a hasty chat, he halloed out lustily for his servants, for there were no bells: he was going out of the room, saying, "You must be hungry, we will see what there is in the house."

I assured him that I was not, and that I could not stop, as I wished to see Mrs. Shelley and the Leigh Hunts.

"Aye, aye," he observed, "they are flesh-eaters—you scorn my lenten fare. But come back soon, I will dispatch my salad and sardines, and then we will discuss a bottle of hock, and talk over matters; I have a great deal to tell you, but I must first balance these cursed bills; I have been an hour poring over this one you found me at, and my *tottle* don't square with Legà; in the time thus lost I might have written half a canto of 'Don Juan'—and the amount of the bill is only one hundred and forty-three lire, which is not six pounds. In cases of lunacy, the old demon Eldon decided men's sanity by figures; if I had been had up before him (I was very near being so), and he had given me the simplest sum in arithmetic, I should have been consigned to durance vile—

“ ‘ For the rule of three it puzzles me,  
And practice drives me mad.’ ”

In about an hour and a half, I returned to the Casa Saluzzi, and found the Poet still hard at work on his weekly bills: he observed archly, “ I have found out, in another account of the steward’s, that he has cheated himself; that is his affair, not mine.” This put him in good humour, so he gathered up the scattered accounts and put them away. He then read me his correspondence with the Greek Committee, or rather the last portion of it, and a letter from Blaquiere, from Greece, and told me what he thought of doing. Promising to see Byron the following day, I left him and walked to my locanda at Genoa. He thought he was in honour bound to go to Zante to meet Blaquiere,—the rest seemed to depend on blind chance. The Committee suggested no definite plan, nor could he form one.

Mental as well as physical diseases are hereditary. Byron’s arrogant temper he inherited, his penurious habits were instilled into him by his mother; he was reared in poverty and obscurity and unexpectedly became a Lord, with a good

estate: this was enough to unsettle the equanimity of such a temperament as his. But fortune as well as misfortune comes with both hands full, and when, as he himself said, he awoke one morning and found himself famous, his brain grew dizzy, and he foolishly entered the great donkey sweepstakes, and ran in the ruck: galled in the race, he bolted off the course, and rushed into the ranks of that great sect that worships golden images. If you come too near the improvident or the reckless, there is danger of being engulfed in the vortex they create, whereas with the thrifty, you may do well enough. Thus ruminating, I reached my inn, the Croce di Malta.

The next day Byron called, he wished me to go on board the brig he had chartered—the “Hercules,” Captain Scott,—to see her equipments and accommodations, and report thereon. I did so, and was very much dissatisfied. She was a collier-built tub of 120 tons, round-bottomed, and bluff-bowed, and of course, a dull sailer, with the bulkheads, the horse-boxes, and other fittings newly put up, ill-contrived, and scamped by the contractor. The Captain, one of the rough old John

Bull stamp, was well enough—the mate better, and no fault to be found with the crew, but that they were too few in number. For such an expedition we should have had a well-manned and fast-sailing clipper-built craft, adapted to the light winds and summer seas prevailing in the Greek Archipelago, so that after calling at the Ionian Islands, we could have used her as a yacht, run over to the Morea, touching at several ports not blockaded by the Turks, and ascertained the exact state of the war, its wants, capabilities, and, more especially, the characters of those who conducted it. We might then have exacted conditions before committing ourselves to any specific line of action. Under the English flag, this and much more might have been done. On saying this to Byron, he answered—

“There was no other vessel than the ‘Hercules’ to be had at Genoa.”

“Leghorn is the place for shipping,” said I.

“Why, then, did you not come here sooner? I had no one to help me.”

“You had Captain Roberts, the very man for the occasion; we might as well have built a raft and so chanced it.”

Then smiling, he replied, "They say I have got her on very easy terms."

"Aye, but the time she will be on her voyage will make her a bad bargain; she will take a week to drift to Leghorn, and it should be done in twenty hours."

"We must make the best of it. I will pay her off at the Ionian Islands, and stop there until I see my way, for here we can learn nothing. Blaquiere is to meet me at Zante by appointment, and he is now in the Morea."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me : and on high  
The winds lift up their voices : I depart,  
Whither I know not.

*Childe Harold.*

ON the 13th of July, 1823, we shipped the horses, four of Byron's, and one of mine, and in the evening, Byron, Gamba, and an unfledged medical student with five or six servants embarked. I and my negro completed the complement. On my observing to Byron the Doctor would be of no use, as he had seen no practice, he answered, "If he knows little I pay little, and we will find him plenty of work." The next day it was a dead calm, so we relanded; on the 15th we weighed anchor at daylight, several American ships, in compliment to Byron, sending their boats to tow us out of the bay, but made very little progress; we lay in the

offing all day like a log upon the main under a broiling sun,—the Italians skipping about, gesticulating, and chattering like wild monkeys in a wood. The Pilgrim sat apart, solemn and sad,—he took no notice of anything nor spoke a word. At midnight the sea breeze set in and quickly freshened, so we shortened sail and hauled our wind. As soon as the old tub began to play at pitch and toss, the noisy Italians, with the exception of the Venetian gondolier, Battista, crept into holes and corners in consternation. The horses kicked down their flimsy partitions, and my black groom and I had to secure them, while the sea got up and the wind increased. I told Byron that we must bear up for port, or we should lose our cattle—"Do as you like," he said. So we bore up, and after a rough night, re-anchored in our former berth; as the sun rose the wind died away, and one by one the land-lubbers crawled on deck. Byron, having remained all night on deck, laughed at the miserable figure they cut; they all went on shore, and I set to work with two or three English carpenters to repair damages.

In the evening we took a fresh departure, and

the weather continuing fine, we had no other delay than that which arose from the bad sailing qualities of our vessel. We were five days on our passage to Leghorn, not averaging more than twenty miles a day. We all messed and most of us slept on deck. Byron, unusually silent and serious, was generally during the day reading Scott's "Life of Swift," Col. Hippesley's "Expedition to South America," Grimm's "Correspondence," or Rochefoucauld. This was his usual style of reading on shore. We were two days at Leghorn completing our sea stores. A Mr. Hamilton Browne and two Greeks, who had previously applied to Byron for a passage, came on board. One of the Greeks called himself Prince Shilizzi, the other, Vitaili, assumed no higher rank than Captain. The friends who accompanied them on board whispered me to be wary of them, asserting that the Prince was a Russian spy, and the Captain in the interests of the Turks. This was our first sample of the morality of the modern Greeks. On my telling this to Byron, he merely said, "And a fair sample too of the ancient as well as modern, if Mitford is to be believed."

Our Scotch passenger, with no other handle to



his name than plain Mr. Hamilton Browne, was an acquisition; he had been in office in the Ionian Islands, spoke Italian and Romaic, and knew a good deal of the Greeks, as well as the characters of the English residents in command of the Islands. From what we learnt from him we altered our plan, and instead of Zante decided on going to Cephalonia, as Sir C. J. Napier was in command there, and the only man in office favourably disposed to the Greeks and their cause. We remained two days at Leghorn completing our stores. I don't remember that Byron went on shore more than once, and then only to settle his accounts with his agent, Webb. As we were getting under weigh, my friend Grant came on board, and gave Byron the latest English papers, Reviews, and the first volume of Las Cases' "Memoirs of Napoleon," just out. On the 23rd of July, 1823, we put to sea in the finest possible weather; drifting leisurely along the Italian coast, we sighted Piombino, a town in the midst of the pestilential lagoons of the Maremma famous for its wild fowl and fevers; a dark line of jungle fringed the shore for many leagues; we crossed the mouth of the muddy Tiber;

saw the Alban Mount, and Mount Soracte, the landmarks which point out the site of Rome. On coming near Lonza, a small islet, converted into one of their many dungeons by the Neapolitan government, I said to Byron,

"There is a sight that would curdle the milky blood of a poet-laureate."

"If Southey were here," he answered, "he would sing hosannas to the Bourbons. Here kings and governors are only the jailers and hangmen of the detestable Austrian barbarians. What dolts and drivellers the people are to submit to such universal despotism. I should like to see, from this our ark, the world submerged, and all the rascals on it drowning like rats."

I put a pencil and paper in his hand, saying,

"Perpetuate your curses on tyranny, for poets like ladies generally side with the despots."

He readily took the paper and set to work. I walked the deck and prevented his being disturbed. He looked as crestfallen as a riotous boy, suddenly pounced upon by a master and given an impossible task, scrawling and scratching out, sadly perplexed. After a long spell, he said,

"You think it is as easy to write poetry as smoke a cigar,—look, it's only doggerel. Extemporizing verses is nonsense; poetry is a distinct faculty,—it won't come when called,—you may as well whistle for a wind; a Pythoness was primed when put upon her tripod. I must chew the cud before I write. I have thought over most of my subjects for years before writing a line."

He did not, however, give up the task, and sat pondering over the paper for nearly an hour; then gnashing his teeth, he tore up what he had written, and threw the fragments overboard.

Seeing I looked disappointed—

"You might as well ask me to describe an earthquake, whilst the ground was trembling under my feet. Give me time,—I can't forget the theme: but for this Greek business I should have been at Naples writing a fifth canto of 'Childe Harold,' expressly to give vent to my detestation of the Austrian tyranny in Italy."

Some time after, I suggested he should write a war song for the Greeks; he did so afterwards. I saw the original amongst his papers at Missolonghi, and made a copy of it, which I have lost. Proceeding

on our voyage, it was not until we had been some days fairly at sea, with no land to look back upon, that the Pilgrim regained something of his self-command—he may have felt the truth of the old song—

“Now we’re in for it, damme what folly, boys,  
To be downhearted, yo ho.”

A balmy night at sea, almost as light as day, without its glare. Byron, sitting in his usual seat by the taffrail, had been for hours “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy;” if a tropical night like this can’t soothe a lacerated mind nothing but death can; all hands were asleep, but the helmsman and mate keeping watch.

BYRON: If Death comes in the shape of a cannon-ball and takes off my head, he is welcome. I have no wish to live, but I can’t bear pain. Don’t repeat the ceremony you went through with Shelley—no one wants my ashes.

TRE.: You will be claimed for Westminster Abbey.

BYRON: No, they don’t want me—nor would I have my bones mingled with that motley throng.

TRE.: I should prefer being launched into the sea, to the nonsense of the land ceremonies.

BYRON: There is a rocky islet off Maina—it is the Pirates' Isle; it suggested the "Corsair." No one knows it; I'll show it you on the way to the Morea. There is the spot I should like my bones to lie.

TRE.: They won't let me do so without you will it.

BYRON: I will, if you are with me when I die; remind me, and don't let the blundering, blockhead doctors bleed me, or when I am dead maul my carcass—I have an antipathy to letting blood. My Italians have never lost sight of their homes before, they are men to look at, but of no use under any emergency—your negro is worth them all.

TRE.: But you have your ancient page, Fletcher.

Byron said, smiling, "He is the worst of them, grunting and grumbling all the morning, and fuddled at night. They say the bones harden with age—I am sure my feelings do; nothing now that can happen can vex me for more than twenty-four hours."

On a similar occasion, all day it had been a dead

calm, and it continued so all night—at midnight everything seemed dead or asleep: the sea slept, the sails were asleep, all living things on board slept, except the Poet and myself, for the helmsman dozed. I had eaten nothing since midday. I looked about to find some living thing to get me somewhat, and stumbled on my black fellow—it is no easy thing to arouse a negro, his sleep is akin to death. I lifted him, and set him upright, and shaking him, commissioned him to get me some provender: when it was brought I began my supper—it was one o'clock. The Pilgrim came over: "Your demon has brought these things to tempt me—I could have resisted any other edibles—but biscuits, cheese, and bottled ale, I can't resist those. Nightmare is sure to follow it."

TRE.: The Stoics say that all pleasure is pain.

BYRON: It is so to me, the Byrons have no livers; cramps, spasms, convulsions are my heritage.

After supper we resumed our seats.

BYRON: I have no loves, I have only one friend, my sister Augusta, and I have reduced my hates to two—that venomous reptile Brougham, and Southey the apostate. At twenty-five the hair grew too low

on my brow, I shaved it, and now at thirty-five I am getting bald and bleached.

His sadness intermitted, and his cold fits alternated with hot ones. Hitherto he had taken very little notice of anything, and when he talked it was with an effort. The lonely and grim-looking island of Stromboli was the first object that riveted his attention; it was shrouded in the smoke from its eternal volcanic fires, and the waves, rolling into the deep caverns at its base, boomed dismally. A poet might have compared it to the bellowings of imprisoned demons.

Our Captain told us a story at night. It was an old tale told by all Levant sailors, and they are not particular as to names and dates.

“That a ship from the port of London was lying off this island loading with sulphur, when her Captain, who was on shore superintending the men, distinctly saw Alderman Curtis——”

“Not Alderman Curtis,” shouted Byron, “but cut-throat Castlereagh!”

“Whoever it was, my Lord,” continued the skipper, “he was walking round and round the edge of the burning crater; his mate and crew were

witnesses of the same: and when the vessel returned to England they heard that the person they had seen was dead; and the time of his death tallied exactly with the above event, as entered in the ship's log-book."

Byron, taking up the yarn-spinning, said—

"Monk Lewis told me, that he took lodgings at Weimar in Germany, and that every morning he was awakened by a rustling noise, as of quantities of papers being torn open and eagerly handled; the noise came from a closet joining his room; he several times got out of bed and looked into it, but there was no one there. At length he told the servant of the house: the man said, 'Don't you know the house is haunted? It belonged formerly to a lady; she had an only son, he left her and went to sea, and the ship was never heard of,—but the mother still believed he would return, and passed all her time in reading foreign newspapers, of which the closet was full; and when she died, at the same hour every morning, in that closet, her spirit is heard frantically tearing open papers.'

"Monk Lewis," added Byron, "though so fond of a ghost story, was not superstitious, he believed



nothing. Once at a dinner party he said to me, across the table, 'Byron, what did you mean by calling me Apollo's sexton in your English Bards?' I was so taken aback I could not answer him, nor could I now. Now, Tre," he said, "it's your turn to spin a yarn."

"I will tell you one of presentiment," I said, "for you believe in that."

"Certainly, I do," he rejoined.

"The Captain of Lord Keith's ship, when she was lying at Leghorn, was on a visit to Signor Felleichi, at Pisa; the Captain was of a very gay and talkative turn; suddenly he became silent and sad; his host asked if he was ill? he said 'No, I wish I was on board my ship; I feel as if I were going to be hanged.' At last he was persuaded to go to bed; but before he got to his room, an express arrived with the news that his ship was on fire. He instantly posted to Leghorn, went on board, and worked his ship out of the harbour to avoid periling the other vessels lying there, but in spite of great exertion the fire reached the magazine, and every soul perished. A little middy on shore at Leghorn, with a heart as great as his Captain's,

gave a boatman a draft on Signor Felleichi for sixty pounds, to put him alongside his ship."

The Poet had an antipathy to everything scientific; maps and charts offended him; he would not look through a spy-glass, and only knew the cardinal points of the compass; buildings the most ancient or modern he was as indifferent to as he was to painting, sculpture, and music. But all natural objects and changes in the elements he was generally the first to point out and the last to lose sight of. We lay-to all night off Stromboli; Byron sat up watching it. As he went down to his cabin at daylight, he said—

"If I live another year, you will see this scene in a fifth canto of 'Childe Harold.'"

In the morning we entered the narrow strait of Messina, passed close by the precipitous promontory of Scylla, and at the distance of a mile on the opposite shore, Charybdis; the waters were boiling and lashed into foam and whirlpools by the conflicting currents and set of the sea; in bad weather it is dangerous to approach too near in small craft. The Poet had returned to his usual post by the taffrail; and soon after Messina was spread out before us,

with its magnificent harbour, quays, and palaces; it was a gorgeous sight, and the surrounding scenery was so diversified and magnificent, that I exclaimed—

“Nature must have intended this for Paradise.”

“But the devil,” observed the Poet, “has converted it into Hell.”

After some deliberation, the wind blowing fresh and fair, we reluctantly passed the city, and scudded through the Straits along the grim and rugged shores of Calabria; at 2 P.M. we got into the vortex of another whirlpool, and the conflicting winds, currents, and waves contending for mastery, held us captive. Our vessel was unmanageable, and there we lay oscillating like a pendulum for two hours close to the rocks, seeing vessels half-a-mile from us scudding by under double-reefed topsails. The spell broken, we resumed our course. On passing a fortress called the Faro, in the narrowest part of the Strait, we had a good view of Mount Etna, with its base wreathed in mists, while the summit stood out in bold relief against the sky. To the east we had the savage shores of Calabria, with its grey and jagged rocks; to the west the

sunny and fertile coast of Sicily,—gliding close by its smooth hills and sheltered coves, Byron would point to some serene nook, and exclaim, “There I could be happy !”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

But let it go—it will one day be found  
With other relics of “a former world,”  
When this world shall be *former* underground,  
Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisp’d, and curl’d,  
Baked, fried, and burnt, turn’d inside out or drown’d.

*Don Juan.*

It was now the 30th of July, twelve days since our departure from Genoa, our ship would do anything but go a-head, she was built on the lines of a baby’s cradle, and the least touch of Neptune’s foot set her rocking. I was glad of this, for it kept all the land-lubbers in their cribs. Byron was not at all affected by the motion, he improved amazingly in health and spirits, and said, “On shore when I awake in the morning, I am always inclined to hang myself, as the day advances, I get better, and at midnight I am all cock-a-whoop. I am better now than I have been for years.” You never know a man’s temper until you have been impri-

soned in a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her. Few friendships can stand the ordeal by water; when a yacht from England with a pair of these thus tried friends touches,—say at Malta or Gibraltar,—you may be sure that she will depart with one only. I never was on shipboard with a better companion than Byron, he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship; when appealed to he always answered, “do as you like.” Every day at noon, he and I jumped overboard in defiance of sharks or weather; it was the only exercise he had, for he could not walk the deck. His favourite toys—pistols—were not forgotten; empty bottles and live poultry served as targets; a fowl, duck or goose, was put into a basket, the head and neck only visible, hoisted to the main yard-arm: and we rarely had two shots at the same bird. No boy cornet enjoyed a practical joke more than Byron. On great occasions when our Captain wished to be grand, he wore a bright scarlet waistcoat; as he was very corpulent, Byron wished to see if this vest would not button round us both. The Captain was taking his siesta

one day, when Byron persuaded the boy to bring up the waistcoat. In the meantime, as it was nearly calm and very hot, I opened the coops of the geese and ducks, who instinctively took to the water. Neptune, the Newfoundland dog, jumped after them, and Moretto the bull-dog followed.

"Now," said Byron, standing on the gangway, with one arm in the red waistcoat, "put your arm in, Tre, we will jump overboard, and take the shine out of it."

So we did.

The Captain hearing the row on deck, came up, and when he saw the gorgeous garment he was so proud of defiled by sea-water, he roared out, "My Lord, you should know better than to make a mutiny on board ship [the crew were laughing at the fun]. I won't heave to, or lower a boat, I hope you will both be drowned."

"Then you will lose your *frite*" (for so the Captain always pronounced the word freight), shouted Byron.

As I saw the dogs worrying the ducks and geese, I returned on board with the waistcoat, pacified the skipper, lowered a boat, and with the aid of a boy,

sculled after the birds and beasts; the Newfoundlander brought them to us unharmed, but Moretto the bull-dog did not mouth them so tenderly. After the glare and oppressive heat of the day, the evenings and nights were delightful: balmy air, no dew, and light enough to distinguish everything near.

Sitting with Byron at the stern—his valet Fletcher and the Captain of the vessel were carousing at the gangway—the Captain, a thorough John Bull, in his blunt manners and burly form, said,

“What is your master going to such a wild country of savages for? My mate was at Corfu, and he says an officer of the garrison crossed over to Albania to shoot, and was shot by the natives; they thought the brass buttons on his jacket were gold.”

“When I was there,” said Fletcher, “the Turks were masters, and kept them down.”

CAPTAIN: What may the country be like?

FLETCHER: Bless you! there is very little country; it's all rocks and robbers. They live in holes in the rocks, and come out like foxes; they have long guns, pistols, and knives. We were obliged to



have a guard of soldiers to go from one place to another.

CAPTAIN : How did you live ?

FLETCHER : Like dogs, on goat's flesh and rice, sitting on the floor in a hovel, all eating out of one dirty round dish, tearing the flesh to pieces with their fingers ; no knives, no forks, and only two or three horn spoons. They drink a stuff they call wine, but it tastes more of turps than grapes, and is carried about in stinking goat-skins, and every one drinks from the same bowl ; then they have coffee, which is pounded, and they drink it, dregs and all, without sugar. They are all smoking when not sleeping ; they sleep on the floor in their clothes and shoes ; they never undress or wash, except the ends of their fingers, and are covered with lice and fleas. The Turks were the only respectable people in the country. If they go, Greece will be like bedlam broke loose. It's a land of lies, and lice, and fleas, and thieves. What my lord is going there for the Lord only knows, I don't." Then seeing his master was looking, he said, " And my master can't deny what I have said is true."

"No," said Byron, " to those who look at things

with hog's eyes, and can see nothing else. What Fletcher says may be true, but I didn't note it. The Greeks are returned to barbarism; Mitford says the people never were anything better. Nor do I know what I am going for. I was tired of Italy, and liked Greece, and the London Committee told me I should be of use, but of what use they did not say nor do I see.

TRE.: We shall have excitement; the greatest of all—fighting.

BYRON: By all accounts the Greeks have no field artillery, no cavalry, no bayonets or discipline; they are led on by old brigands and shepherds who know the country thoroughly. The Turks are all cavalry, without order; they are brave horsemen, but they have lost the art of war. Cavalry is no use in a rugged, roadless country like Greece without being flanked by infantry. The Turkish horse go blindly through the ravines like a drove of buffaloes, and the Greeks, hidden amongst the rocky heights, rush down on them like wolves, and fusilade them under cover of the rocks. Their sole object is plunder. This is not war, but carnage. Wordsworth calls carnage God's daughter.

I followed Fletcher's example in regard to the supper, and the Poet, saying he could not resist temptation, joined me. We discussed the pleasures and independence of sea-life as contrasted with the eternal restraint and botheration on shore. "Here," I observed, "we have only the elements to contend with, and a safe port under our lee, whereas on shore we never know what mischief is brewing; a letter, or the idle gossip of a good-natured friend, stops our digestion. How smoothly the time glides on, now we are out of the reach of men and mischief-makers."

"Women, you should say," exclaimed Byron; "if we had a womankind on board, she would set us all at loggerheads, and make a mutiny, would she not, Captain?"

"I wish my old woman was here," replied the skipper, "she would make you as comfortable in my cabin at sea, as your own wife could in her parlour on shore."

Byron started and looked savage—the Captain went on, as unconscious of offending as a cart-horse would be after crushing your toes with his hoof. "My wife," he continued, "on my last voyage from

Rio, saved my ship. We had touched there for water, homeward bound: she waked me up at night,—her weather eye was always open,—the men were *desarting* in a crimp's shore-boat. In the morning it came on to blow like blazes."

"If we are to have a yarn, Captain, we must have strong waters."

"I have no objection to a glass of grog," said the Captain; "I am not a temperance man, but I can't *abide* drunkenness at sea. I like to have my allowance."

"How much is that?" asked Byron.

"No more than will do me good."

"How much is that?"

"Why, a bottle of good old Jamaica rum sarves me from 11 A.M. till 10 P.M., and I know that can't hurt any man."

Byron read a critique on O'Meara's "Napoleon at St. Helena," in the "Quarterly." He remarked, "If all they assert is true, it only affects the character of the author. They do not disprove a single statement in the book: this is their way! If they crush an author, it must be in the shell, as they tried to do with me: if the book has life enough to out-live

the year, it defies their malice—for who reads a last year's review? Whilst our literature is domineered over by a knot of virulent bigots and rancorous partisans, we shall have no great or original works. When did parsons patronize genius? If one of their black band dares to think for himself, he is drummed out, or cast aside, like Sterne and Swift. Where are the great poets and writers the Reviewers predicted were to be the leviathans of our literature? Extinct: their bones hereafter may be grubbed up in a fossil state with those of the reptiles that puffed them into life. If this age has produced anything good or great, it has been under every possible discouragement.

“People say that I have told my own story in my writings: I defy them to point out a single act of my life by my poems, or of my thoughts, for I seldom write what I think. All that has been published about me is sheer nonsense, as will be seen at my death, when my real Life is published: everything in that is true. When I first left England I was gloomy. I said so in my first canto of ‘Childe Harold.’ I was then really in love with a cousin [Thirza, he was very chary of her name], and she

was in a decline. On my last leaving England I was savage; there was enough to make me so. There is some truth as to detail in the 'Dream,' and in some of my shorter poems. As to my marriage, which people made such ridiculous stories about, it was managed by Lady Jersey and others. I was perfectly indifferent on the subject; thought I could not do better, and so did they. It was an experiment, and proved a failure. Everything is told in my memoirs exactly as it happened. I told Murray Lady Byron was to read the MS. if she wished it, and requested she would add, omit, or make any comments she pleased, now, or when it was going through the press."

It is strange that Byron, though professing to distrust everybody, should have had no misgiving as to the fate of his memoirs; he was glad Moore sold them to Murray, as he thought that ensured publication. He considered it indispensable to his honour that the truths he could not divulge during his life should be known at his death. He knew that Moore prided himself on his intimacy with lords and ladies, for he was always talking of them, and that the chief aim and object of that Poet's

whole life was pleasure at any price. Had he fulfilled his trust by giving Byron's memoirs to the world, he would have compromised himself with society, as they contained many a reminiscence which would have cast a shadow on the fashionable circles which Tom Moore delighted to honour. When the question was raised after Byron's death of the publication or suppression of his memoirs, his friend Tom Moore acted as if he was quite indifferent on the subject; so he must have been, for although he permitted others to read them, he never found time to do so himself. He consulted the most fashionable man he knew on the subject, Lutterell, who, as Rogers says, "cared nothing about the matter, and readily voted they should be put in the fire." Byron said, "some few scenes and names in his memoirs it might be necessary to omit, as he had written the whole truth. Moore and Murray were to exercise their own discretion on that subject." He added, "that the truth would be known and believed when he was dead, and the lies forgotten." So there is nothing to extenuate the great wrong done to Byron by Tom Moore.

Byron's autobiography contained a narrative of

the principal events of his life, with running comments on those he came in contact with, or who crossed his path. It was written in a straightforward, manly manner, and in a vigorous, fearless style, and was apparently truthful as regarded himself;—if it was not the whole truth, it contained much more of that commodity than other writers have generally left us in their memoirs. Autobiography was the kind of reading he preferred to all others.



## CHAPTER XIX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,  
Or friends by him self-banished, for his mind  
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary.

*Childe Harold.*

BYRON formed his opinion of the inhabitants of this planet from books; personally he knew as little about them as if he belonged to some other. From reading Rochefoucauld, Machiavelli, and others, he learnt to distrust people in general; so, as he could do nothing without them and did not know how to manage them, he would complain of being overreached, and never getting what he wanted. I don't think he ever knew what he did want: few there are that do.

To resume my log on board the good ship "Hercules." On the 2nd of August, the islands of Cephalonia and Zante were in sight, and shortly

after Byron pointing out the Morea, said, "I don't know why it is, but I feel as if the eleven long years of bitterness I have passed through since I was here were taken off my shoulders, and I was scudding through the Greek Archipelago with old Bathurst, in his frigate." That night we anchored in the roadstead; the next morning we worked into Argostoli, the harbour of Cephalonia, and anchored near the town. An officer from the Health Office having examined our papers and log, gave us *pratique*. The secretary of the Resident, Captain Kennedy, came on board; he told us Colonel Napier was absent, but that we might depend on the Colonel's readiness to aid us in anything that his orders to observe strict neutrality permitted. The captain gave us the latest news from the seat of war, and said Blaquiere had gone to England, at which Byron was sorely vexed. The truth flashed across his mind, that he had been merely used as a decoy by the committee. "Now they have got me thus far they think I must go on, and they care nothing as to the result. They are deceived, I won't budge a foot farther until I see my way; we will stay here; if that is objected to, I will buy an

island from the Greeks or Turks; there must be plenty of them in the market." The instinct that enables the vulture to detect carrion afar off, is surpassed by the marvellous acuteness of the Greeks in scenting money. The morning after our arrival a flock of ravenous Zuliote refugees alighted on our decks, attracted by Byron's dollars. Legà, the steward, a thorough miser, coiled himself on the money-chest like a viper. Our sturdy skipper was for driving them overboard with hand-spikes. Byron came on deck in exuberant spirits, pleased with their savage aspect and wild attire, and, as was his wont, promised a great deal more than he should have done; day and night they clung to his heels like a pack of jackals, till he stood at bay like a hunted lion, and was glad to buy them off, by shipping them to the Morea. On Colonel Napier's return to the island, he warmly urged Byron, and indeed all of us, to take up our quarters at his house; from first to last, all the English on the island, the military as well as the civilians, vied with each other in friendly and hospitable acts. Byron preferred staying on board; every afternoon he and I crossed the harbour in a boat, and landed

on a rock to bathe; on one of these occasions he held out his right leg to me, saying,

“I hope this accursed limb will be knocked off in the war.”

“It won’t improve your swimming,” I answered; “I will exchange legs if you will give me a portion of your brains.”

“You would repent your bargain,” he said; “at times I feel my brains boiling, as Shelley’s did whilst you were grilling him.”

After bathing, we landed in an olive grove, eating our frugal supper under the trees. Our Greek passengers during the voyage said that the Greeks generally were in favour of a monarchical government; the Greeks on the island confirmed this, saying it was the only way of getting rid of the robber chiefs who now tyrannized and kept the country in a state of anarchy; and as they must have a foreigner for a king, they could not do better than elect Byron. The Poet treated this suggestion lightly, saying, “If they make me the offer, I may not refuse it. I shall take care of my own ‘sma’ peculiar;’ for if it don’t suit my humour, I shall, like Sancho, abdicate.” Byron several times alluded

to this in a bantering vein; it left an impression on his mind. Had he lived to reach the congress of Salona as commissioner of the loan, the dispenser of a million silver crowns would have been offered a golden one.

Our party made an excursion to the neighbouring island of Ithaca; contrasted with the arid wastes and barren red hills of Cephalonia, the verdant valleys, sparkling streams, and high land, clothed in evergreen shrubs, were strikingly beautiful. After landing, it was proposed to Byron to visit some of the localities that antiquaries have dubbed with the titles of Homer's school,—Ulysses' stronghold, &c.: he turned peevishly away, saying to me, "Do I look like one of those emasculated fogies? Let's have a swim. I detest antiquarian twaddle. Do people think I have no lucid intervals, that I came to Greece to scribble more nonsense? I will show them I can do something better: I wish I had never written a line, to have it cast in my teeth at every turn." Browne and Gamba went to look for some place where we might pass the night, as we could not get mules to go on until the next day.

After a long swim, Byron clambered up the rocks,

and, exhausted by his day's work, fell asleep under the shade of a wild fig-tree at the mouth of a cavern. Gamba, having nothing to do, hunted him out, and awakened him from a pleasant dream, for which the Poet cursed him. We fed off figs and olives, and passed our night at a goatherd's cottage.

In the morning we rode through the pleasant little island to Vathy, the capital. The Resident, Captain Knox, his lady, and everyone else who had a house, opened their doors to welcome us, and the Pilgrim was received as if he had been a prince. On the summit of a high mountain in the island there is an ancient monastery, from which there is a magnificent view of the Ionian Sea, Greece, and many islands. The day after our arrival we ascended it, our party amounting to ten or twelve, including servants and muleteers. As usual, it was late when we started ; there was not a breath of air, and the heat was intense. Following a narrow zig-zag path between rocks and precipices in single file, as our mules crept upwards our difficulty increased, until the path became merely stone steps, worn by time and travel in the solid limestone. We all dismounted but Byron ; he was jaded and irrit-

able, as he generally was when deprived of his accustomed midday siesta: it was dusk before we reached the summit of the mountain. The Abbot had been apprized by the Resident of our visit; and when we neared the monastery, files of men stood on each side of our path, bearing pine torches. On coming up to the walls we saw the monks in their grey gowns, ranged along the terrace; they chanted a hymn of glorification and welcome to the great lord, saying, "Christ has risen to elevate the cross and trample on the crescent in our beloved Greece." The Abbot, clad in his sacerdotal robes, received Byron in the porch, and conducted him into the great hall, illuminated for the occasion; the monks and others clustered round the honoured guest; boys swung censers with frankincense under the Poet's nose. The Abbot, after performing a variety of ceremonies in a very dignified manner, took from the folds of his ample garments a roll of paper, and commenced intoning through his nasal organ a turgid and interminable eulogium on my "Lordo Inglese," in a polyglot of divers tongues; while the eyes of the silent monks, anxious to observe the effect of the holy father's eloquence, glanced from the Abbot to the Lord.

Byron had not spoken a word from the time we entered the monkery; I thought he was resolved to set us an example of proper behaviour. No one was more surprised than I was, when suddenly he burst into a paroxysm of rage, and vented his ire in a torrent of Italian execrations on the holy Abbot and all his brotherhood. Then turning to us with flashing eyes, he vehemently exclaimed,

“Will nò one release me from the presence of these pestilential idiots? they drive me mad!” Seizing a lamp, he left the room.

The consternation of the monks at this explosion of wrath may be imagined. The amazed Abbot remained for some time motionless, his eyes and mouth wide open; holding the paper he had been reading in the same position, he looked at the vacant place left by Byron, and then at the door through which he had disappeared. At last he thought he had solved the mystery, and in a low tremulous voice said,—significantly putting his finger to his forehead:—

“Eccolo, è matto poveretto!” (Poor fellow, he is mad.)

Leaving Hamilton Browne to pacify the monks, I followed Byron. He was still fretting and fuming,



cursing the "whining dotard," as he called the Abbot, who had tormented him. Byron's servant brought him bread, wine, and olives. I left him and joined the mess of the monks in their refectory. We had the best of everything the island produced for supper. Our host broached several flasks of his choicest vintages: but although he partook largely of these good things, they failed to cheer him. We were all glad to retire early to our cells.

In the morning, Byron came forth refreshed, and acted as if he had forgotten the occurrences of the evening. The Abbot had not, and he took care not to remind him of them. A handsome donation was deposited in the alms-box, and we mounted our mules and departed, without any other ceremony than a hasty benediction from the holy father and his monks. However we might have doubted the sincerity of their ovation on receiving us, we did not question the relief they felt and expressed by their looks on our departure.

The next day we retraced our steps through the flowery ravines and tranquil glades of this lovely islet, our road winding along the foot of the mountains. The grey olive-trees, bright green fig, and

rampant vine, that grew above our heads, screened us from the sun; the fresh breeze from the sea, with the springs of purest water gushing out of the rocks, soothed the Poet's temper. He turned out of the path to look at a natural grotto, in a grove of forest trees, and said, "You will find nothing in Greece or its islands so pleasant as this. If this isle were mine,—'I would break my staff and bury my book.'—What fools we all are!"

On reaching our former landing-place, we had to wait a long time for a boat to ferry us across the strait to Cephalonia. As usual, he and I took to the water; in the evening we crossed, and it was night when we regained our old quarters on board the "Hercules." At two o'clock Byron went to his cabin, I slept on deck.

The only thing in sight at sunset was an Austrian bark, eight or ten miles distant. A little after sunrise I was aroused by a great commotion—the bark was close alongside of us. It was and had been a dead calm. Old salts say that ships are like living creatures. If left to themselves and the wind don't interfere, they will if they sight each other draw close together. It is so; but why I don't

know : I have often observed it. We were bound in opposite directions. This phenomenon is a puzzle to all sailors.

It was near noon of the next day, when I had occasion to speak to Byron on pressing business. I descended to his cabin,—he was fast asleep. I repeatedly called him by name ; at first in a low voice,—then louder and louder ; at last he started up in terror, staring at me wildly. With a convulsive sigh he said, “I have had such a dream ! I am trembling with fear. I am not fit to go to Greece. If you had come to strangle me I could have done nothing.”

I said, “Who could against a nightmare ? the hag don’t mind your pistols or your bible” (he always had these on a chair close to the side of his bed). I then talked on other subjects until he was tolerably composed, and so left him.

The conflicting accounts that came day by day from the Morea distracted us ; to ascertain the real state of things, I proposed to go there. Byron urged me to stay until he went, so I remained for some time ; but when he talked of leaving the ship and taking a house, I determined to be off.

## CHAPTER XX.

Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,  
There is a moral desert now;  
The mean and miserable huts,  
Contrasted with those ancient fanes,  
The long and lonely colonnades,  
Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks.

*Queen Mab.*

I WELL knew that once on shore Byron would fall back on his old routine of dawdling habits, plotting—planning—shilly-shallying—and doing nothing. It was a maxim of his, “If I am stopped for six days at any place, I cannot be made to move for six months.”

Hamilton Browne agreed to go with me; he was a most valuable ally. In my hasty preparations for going, I was tearing up and throwing overboard papers and letters. Byron stopped me, saying, “Some day you will be sorry for this; they are parts of your life. I have every scrap of paper

that was ever written to me,—letters, notes,—even cards of invitation to parties. There are chestfuls at Hansom's, Douglas Kinnaird's, and Barry's at Genoa. They will edify my executors."

"Is this quite fair to your correspondents?" I asked.

"Yes; for they have mine and might use them against me. Whilst I live they dare not,—I can keep them all in order; when I die and my memoirs are published,—my executors can verify them by my letters if their truth is questioned."

I told Byron that two Frenchmen, just landed, wished to see him; I thought they were officers. He said, "Ask Hamilton Browne to see what they want. I can't express myself like a gentleman in French. I never could learn it,—or anything else according to rule." He even read translations of French books in preference to the originals. His ignorance of the language was the reason that he avoided Frenchmen and was never in France.

In our voyage from Italy, Byron persuaded me to let him have my black servant, as, in the East, it is a mark of dignity to have a negro in your establishment. He likewise coveted a green em-

broidered military jacket of mine ; which, as it was too small for me, I gave him ; so I added considerably to his dignity. I engaged one of the refugee Zuliotes (or Zodiacs, as old Scott, our Captain, called them) to go with me. He was a vain, lazy, swaggering braggart,—sullen and stupid as are most of his tribe.

Byron gave us letters addressed to the Greek government, if we could find any such constituted authorities,—expressing his readiness to serve them when they had satisfied him how he could do so, &c., &c., &c. As I took leave of him, his last words were, “Let me hear from you often,—come back soon. If things are farcical, they will do for ‘Don Juan ;’ if heroical, you shall have another canto of ‘Childe Harold.’”

Hamilton Browne and I went on board a light boat of the country, called a caique, crossed over with a fair wind in the night, and landed early the next morning on a sandy beach, at a solitary ruined tower near Pyrgos. A dirty squad of Moorish mercenaries, quartered at the tower, received us ; some of them accompanied us to the village of Pyrgos ; where, as we could not procure horses or mules, we slept.

In the morning we commenced our journey to Tripolitza, the capital of the Peloponnesus, visiting the military stations on our way. We slept at the ruined villages, and were generally well received when our mission was known. The country is so poor and barren, that but for its genial climate it would be barely habitable. In the best of times there would not be plenty; but now that war had passed over the land with fire and slaughter there was scarcely a vestige of habitation or cultivation.

The only people we met, besides soldiers, looked like tribes of half-starved gipsies; over our heads, on some towering rock, occasionally we saw a shepherd with his long gun, watching us, and keeping guard over small flocks of goats and sheep, whilst they fed off the scanty shrubs that grew in the crevices under them; they were attended, too, by packs of the most savage dogs I ever saw. Except in considerable force, the Greek soldiers dared not meddle with these warlike shepherds and their flocks. Many of the most distinguished leaders in the war, and the bravest of their followers, had been shepherds.

To compensate for the hard fare and bodily privations to be endured, there was ample food for the minds of any who love the haunts of genius. Every object we saw was associated with some great name, or deeds of arts or arms, that still live in the memory of all mankind. We stopped two or three days at Tripolitza, and then passed on to Argos and Napoli di Romania; every step of our way was marked by the ravages of the war. On our way to Corinth, we passed through the defiles of Dervenakia; our road was a mere mule-path for about two leagues, winding along in the bed of a brook, flanked by rugged precipices. In this gorge, and a more rugged path above it, a large Ottoman force, principally cavalry, had been stopped, in the previous autumn, by barricades of rocks and trees, and slaughtered like droves of cattle by the wild and exasperated Greeks. It was a perfect picture of the war, and told its own story; the sagacity of the nimble-footed Greeks, and the hopeless stupidity of the Turkish commanders, were palpable: detached from the heaps of dead, we saw the skeletons of some bold riders who had attempted to scale the acclivities,



still astride the skeletons of their horses, and in the rear, as if in the attempt to back out of the fray, the bleached bones of the negroes' hands still holding the hair ropes attached to the skulls of their camels—death like sleep is a strange posture-master. There were grouped in a narrow space five thousand or more skeletons of men, horses, camels, and mules ; vultures had eaten their flesh, and the sun had bleached their bones. In this picture the Turks looked like a herd of bisons trapped and butchered in the gorges of the rocky mountains. The rest of their battles, amidst scenery generally of the same rugged character, only differed in their magnitude. The Asiatic Turks are lazy, brave, and stupid. The Greeks, too crafty to fight if they could run, were only formidable in their fastnesses. It is a marvel that Greece and Greeks should be again resuscitated after so many ages of death-like slavery. No people, if they retain their name and language, need despair :

“Naught may endure but Mutability !”

We arrived at Corinth a short time after the Acrocorinthus had, for the second time, fallen into the

hands of the insurgents ; and there saw Colocotroni and other predatory chiefs. Thence we crossed to the Isle of Salamis, and found the legislative and executive bodies of the provisional government accusing each other of embezzling the public money. Here, too, we saw the most potent leaders of the chief Greek military factions,—Primates, Hydriotes, Mainotes, Moreotes, Ipsareotes, Candiotes, and many others, each and all intent on their own immediate interests. There, too, I saw the first specimens of the super-subtle Phanariotes, pre-eminent in all evil, reared at Constantinople, and trained in the arts of deception by the most adroit professors in the world. These pliant and dexterous intriguers glided stealthily from tent to tent and from chief to chief, impregnating their brains with wily suggestions, thus envenoming their feuds and causing universal anarchy. Confounded at this exhibition of rank selfishness, we backed out of these civil broils, and sailed for Hydra ; one of our commissions being to send deputies from that island to England to negotiate a loan. We speedily accomplished this, and Hamilton Browne went to London with the deputies.

I relanded in Greece and went to Athens. Odysseus held undisputed sway there and in Eastern Greece, the frontiers of the war, and had played an important part in the insurrection. Descended from the most renowned race of Klephtes, he was a master of the art of mountain warfare, and a thorough Greek in cunning; strong-bodied, nimble-footed, and nimble-witted. I bought horses, hired soldiers, and accompanied him on an expedition to Eubœa, then in the hands of the Turks; and under his auspices became familiar with many of the most interesting localities,—Attica, Marathon, Thebes, Thermopylæ, Cheronea, Livadia, Talanta, Mount Parnes, Pindus and Cythæron. Our head-quarters were on Parnassus. Our ambuscades, onslaughts, rock-fighting, forays, stalking Turkish cavalry, successes and failures, intermingled with conferences, treaties, squabbles, intrigues, and constant change, were exciting at the time: so is deer-stalking; so was the Caffre war to those engaged in it; but as they are neither edifying nor amusing to write nor to read about, I shall not record them.

In January, 1824, I heard that Byron was at

Missolonghi; that a loan was about being negotiated in London, and that Colonel Stanhope and other English had arrived in Athens. I pressed upon Odysseus the necessity of our instantly returning thither, which we did. Shortly after, Stanhope proposed, and Odysseus agreed, to hold a congress at Salona, and that I should go to Missolonghi to invite Byron and the chiefs of Western Greece to attend it. I started on my mission with a band of followers; and we had been two days winding through the mountain passes,—for nothing can induce the Greeks to cross level ground, if there are Turks or the rumour of enemies near,—when a messenger from Missolonghi on his way to Salona, conveying the startling news of Byron's death, crossed our path, as we were fording the river Evvenus. Thus, by a stroke of fate, my hopes of being of use in Greece were extinguished: Byron and Stanhope, as commissioners of the loan, would have expended it on the war; and the sordid and selfish primates, Machiavelian Phanariotes, and lawless Captanria would have been held in check. Byron thought all men rogues, and put no trust in any. As applied to Greeks, his scepticism was

perfect wisdom. Stanhope was of a frank and hopeful nature; he had carefully examined the state of things, and would have been an able coadjutor, for he possessed those inestimable qualities, —energy, temper, and order—which Byron lacked. The first thing Stanhope did was to establish a free press: many opposed this as premature, if not dangerous, but it was of eminent service, and the only institution founded at that time which struck root deep into the soil.

Colonel Stanhope gave me the following note to Byron, but the Colonel's prophetic warning was too late:—

*Salona, 17 April, 1824.*

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

We are all assembled here with the exception of your Lordship and Monsieur Mavrocordato. I hope you will both join us; indeed, after the strong pledges given, the President ought to attend. As for you, you are a sort of Wilberforce, a saint whom all parties are endeavouring to seduce; it's a pity that you are not divisible, that every prefecture might have a fraction of your person. For my own

part, I wish to see you fairly out of Missolonghi, because your health will not stand the climate and the constant anxiety to which you are there subjected.

I shall remain here till we receive your and the President's answer; I mean then to go to Egina, Zante, and England. If I can be of any service, you may command my zealous services.

Once more, I implore you to quit Missolonghi, and not to sacrifice your health and perhaps your life in that Bog.

I am ever your most devoted

LEICESTER STANHOPE.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Do you—dare you  
To taunt me with my born deformity?  
*Deformed Transformed.*

WITH desponding thoughts I entered Missolonghi on the third day from my leaving Salona. Any spot on the surface of the earth, or in its bowels, that holds out a prospect of gain, you will find inhabited; a morass that will produce rice, the crust of a volcano in which the vine will grow, lagunes in which fish abound, are temptations which overcome the terror of pestilence or death. So I was not surprised at seeing Missolonghi, situated as it is on the verge of the most dismal swamp I had ever seen. The marvel was that Byron, prone to fevers, should have been induced to land on this mud-bank, and stick there for three months shut in by a circle of stagnant pools which might be called the

belt of death. Although it was now the early spring, I found most of the strangers suffering from gastric fevers. It was the 24th or 25th of April when I arrived; Byron had died on the 19th. I waded through the streets, between wind and water, to the house he had lived in; it was detached, and on the margin of the shallow slimy sea-waters. For three months this house had been besieged, day and night, like a bank that has a run upon it. Now that death had closed the door, it was as silent as a cemetery. No one was within the house but Fletcher, of which I was glad. As if he knew my wishes, he led me up a narrow stair into a small room, with nothing in it but a coffin standing on trestles. No word was spoken by either of us; he withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful in death than in life. The contraction of the muscles and skin had effaced every line that time or passion had ever traced on it; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and perfect finish; yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often I had heard him curse



it! He was jealous of the genius of Shakespeare—that might well be—but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy? I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water. On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the exact cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—it was caused by the contraction of the back sinews, which the doctors call "Tendon Achilles," that prevented his heels resting on the ground, and compelled him to walk on the fore part of his feet; except this defect, his feet were perfect. This was a curse, chaining a proud and soaring spirit like his to the dull earth. In the drama of "The Deformed Transformed," I knew that he had expressed all he could express of what a man of highly-wrought mind might feel when brooding over a deformity of body; but when he said,

"I have done the best which spirit may to make  
Its way with all deformity's dull deadly  
Discouraging weight upon me,"

I thought it exaggerated as applied to himself; now I saw it was not so. His deformity was always uppermost in his thoughts, and influenced every

act of his life, spurred him on to poetry, as that was one of the few paths to fame open to him,—and as if to be revenged on Nature for sending him into the world “scarce half made up,” he scoffed at her works and traditions with the pride of Lucifer; this morbid feeling ultimately goaded him on to his last Quixotic crusade in Greece.

No other man, afflicted as he was, could have been better justified than Byron in saying,

“I ask not  
For valour, since deformity is daring;  
It is its essence to o’ertake mankind  
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—  
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is  
A spur in its halt movements, to become  
All that the others cannot, in such things  
As still are free to both, to compensate  
For step-dame Nature’s avarice at first;  
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,  
And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, win them.”

Knowing and sympathizing with Byron’s sensitiveness, his associates avoided prying into the cause of his lameness; so did strangers, from good breeding or common humanity. It was generally thought his halting gait originated in some defect of the right foot or ankle—the right foot was the most distorted, and it had been made worse in his

boyhood by vain efforts to set it right. He told me that for several years he wore steel splints, which so wrenched the sinews and tendons of his leg, that they increased his lameness; the foot was twisted inwards, only the edge touched the ground, and that leg was shorter than the other. His shoes were peculiar—very high heeled, with the soles uncommonly thick on the inside and pared thin on the outside—the toes were stuffed with cotton-wool, and his trousers were very large below the knee and strapped down so as to cover his feet. The peculiarity of his gait was now accounted for; he entered a room with a sort of run, as if he could not stop, then planted his best leg well forward, throwing back his body to keep his balance. In early life whilst his frame was light and elastic, with the aid of a stick, he might have tottered along for a mile or two; but after he had waxed heavier, he seldom attempted to walk more than a few hundred yards, without squatting down or leaning against the first wall, bank, rock, or tree at hand, never sitting on the ground, as it would have been difficult for him to get up again. In the company of strangers, occasionally, he would make desperate efforts to

conceal his infirmity, but the hectic flush on his face, his swelling veins, and quivering nerves betrayed him, and he suffered for many days after such exertions. Disposed to fatten, incapable of taking exercise to check the tendency, what could he do? If he added to his weight, his feet would not have supported him; in this dilemma he was compelled to exist in a state of semi-starvation; he was less than eleven stone when at Genoa, and said he had been fourteen at Venice. The pangs of hunger which travellers and shipwrecked mariners have described were nothing to what he suffered; their privations were temporary, his were for life, and more unendurable, as he was in the midst of abundance. I was exclaiming, "Poor fellow, if your errors were greater than those of ordinary men, so were your temptations and provocations," when Fletcher returned with a bottle and glass, saying, "There is nothing but slimy salt water in this horrid place, so I have been half over the town to beg this clear water," and, answering my ejaculation of "Poor fellow," he said,

"You may well say so, sir—these savages are worse than any highwaymen; they have robbed my

Lord of all his money and his life too, and those"—pointing to his feet—"were the cause of all my Lord's misfortunes."

Fletcher gave me a sheet of paper, and from his dictation I wrote on Byron's coffin the following particulars of his last illness and death:—

"Particulars of Lord Byron's death, as related by his servant, William Fletcher. Written on his coffin, at the house of the Primate of Argostoli, by Edward Trelawny.—April 10th, 1824: Lord Byron, taking his usual ride and being warm, was caught in a shower of rain. He had but very recently recovered from a violent epileptic fit, which had left him weak. In the course of the eve he complained of being unwell, and there were slight symptoms of fever. On the 11th he got up as usual, but complained of his head. Only his usual medicine—fever and pain in his head augmenting—good spirits—to bed early. 12th: Got up late—his usual medicine, with magnesia. He ate nothing during his illness but a few spoonfuls of very weak broth. A very bad night; complained of an obstruction in his stomach. 13th: His usual purgatives, with pain in his stomach;

got up late and shaved. On the 14th he got up and took his usual medicine, pills and magnesia. Much worse; his head dizzy and his nerves shaken. As soon as his bed was made he returned to it. Much fever, slow, and sleepless night. He was advised to be bled, but had a natural or acquired antipathy to bleeding. On the night of the 14th Fletcher advised a doctor being sent for from Zante. Fletcher thought him at this time confused in his ideas. Byron said, 'Where are my shoes? I can only see three, and have been looking this hour.' Fletcher said, 'There are four.' Byron said, 'I am in the hands of assassins, they will murder me.' This was in the morning of the 15th. Fletcher told him he was in danger. Byron said, 'That be damned; it's all a plot.' He sent for the doctors to ask what they would do; his fever slowly augmenting. 16th: Much in the same way. He ate nothing—getting very weak—continual pain in his stomach—bad night—sleepless. On being asked to let blood, he said, 'Damn you all! my blood will be on you.' Parry was frequently with him for hours, and all people turned out of the room, but merely to amuse him. Parry always told him

he was getting better. On the 17th worse; still getting worse. A boat sent to Zante to get medical advice. Lord Byron asked if he were thought in danger. They said 'Yes.' He said, 'Well, let them do as they like. I care not a damn. Only this I know, man can but live a certain time without sleep, and then he must die or go mad; but I will make short work with that whilst I have a pistol;' consequently the arms were taken from his bedside. He said he would leave Missolonghi for the islands if he got better—that his disease was not known. He sent Dr. P. out of the chamber, and on the doctor saying he could not leave him thus, he said, 'I order you out. What! has it come to this? Can I not change my shirt without a set of blackguard doctors in the room?' Continued his medicine; took strong purges, salts and magnesia. 'These doctors,' he said, 'know nothing of my complaint. I want to know what is my disease. These people know nothing about my sickness.' He had no confidence in his doctors. He went on in his usual careless Don Juan style of rattling away on trifles with Parry. That night worse; took pills, salts and magnesia—violent

pains in his stomach. This evening at about seven P.M. he consented to be bled, and a few minutes after he fainted. They took about a pound. Very weak and debilitated, the pain in his head during the night, and he spoke confusedly of Fleming, Hobhouse, and Douglas Kinnaird. This was on the 18th. He had been again copiously bled. He took bark at about two; drank a glass of wine and water. He was worse after this, and became delirious and violent; began to talk and give directions; took hold of one of Fletcher's and one of Tita's hands. Fletcher said, 'Shall I write?' Byron muttered to him for half an hour, his lips moving, but indistinct. He said, 'Now I have told you everything: 4,000 dollars for the —— and ——; but 'tis too late. I have said all; do you understand me? If you don't obey me I will haunt you if I can.' 'I have not understood a word,' said Fletcher. 'That's a pity,' Byron replied, 'for 'tis now too late. You will go to Mrs. Leigh —— and tell her and say —— and everything, and her children,' &c. 'And tell Lady Byron'—heavily sighing, but only muttered—'these are dying words.' Fletcher said again he did not understand. 'Good God!' he said



and tried to repeat it, but his lips only moved. He understood Fletcher, and seemed to strain hard to make himself understood, and to feel his inability. After six o'clock this evening he said, 'I want to sleep.' They had given him opiates, and from that time he never more spoke word, nor moved hand or foot, nor showed the least appearance of life except by difficulty in swallowing, and stiffness. They had put blisters on his thighs and mustard on his feet. He objected to it at first; at last he let Fletcher do it, having ordered everyone out of the room. 'Oh, my child! my child! Oh, Ada! that I had seen thee, my child!' He fancied he had told Fletcher everything about his friends. Very angry with the doctors, who, he said, had assassinated him. 'There is you—Tita and Luke—I will.' From six o'clock in the evening of the 18th to six in the evening of the 19th he remained speechless, senseless, and inanimate; only sign of life was at wide periods a little difficulty in breathing, which was very quick just before he expired. They bathed him and tried every effort to make him move, but in vain. Just before he died he opened his eyes, gave two or three low

moans, and without the slightest appearance of pain or sensibility he died. Once he said, 'Give me—but no—that is—weakness, weakness.' A few hours before he became insensible he said (on reading a letter in which Loriotti says to the Prince, 'you must consult and attend to the advice of Lord Byron, Stanhope, and Napier, for they enjoy great reputation here'), 'This is their damned Greek policy; they are all rascals; but when Napier comes I will work them all.' In his delirium he often muttered broken passages of Scripture, with replies such as he was used to with Kennedy at Cephalonia. He swore, however, much, particularly against pain. Seems never to have known death had got hold of him till a few hours before he became insensible, and then he found he had trifled too long—that it was too late. He had much to have done and said, but his voice refused to be the organ of his mind."

This account differs in many particulars from the one already published; in the same way that the fresh rough notes of an eye-witness, taken on the spot, differ on passing through the hands of the editor of a review to be served out to the public as

an article to further a cause or strengthen a faction—so let it be, I shall not question it.

A letter from his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, was on his writing-table. This lady was the only relation Byron had, or at least acknowledged; and he always spoke of her in the most affectionate terms. He was in the act of writing to her when he was taken ill. This unfinished letter I copied,—as the original would run many risks of being lost before it reached its destination. It is interesting as the last of Byron's writings—as an index, too, of his real and inward feelings; those letters that have been published were written, as I have already observed, under an assumed character and for effect.

His sister's letter contained a long transcript of one from Lady Byron; with a minute mental and physical account of their child, Ada, as follows:—

*Hastings, December, 1823.*

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,

I will now answer those passages from Lord Byron's letter of December 8th, which required information from me.

Ada's prevailing characteristic is cheerfulness, a

disposition to enjoyment; this happy disposition was only partially interrupted when at the most oppressive period of her illness, under which she was patient and tractable.

The impression she generally makes upon strangers is that of a lively child. Of her intellectual powers observation is the most developed. The pertinency of her remarks and the accuracy of her descriptions are sometimes beyond her years; she is by no means devoid of imagination, but it is at present chiefly exercised in connection with her mechanical ingenuity, her self-invented occupation being the manufacture of ships and boats, or whatever else may attract her attention. Hitherto she has preferred prose to verse because she is puzzled by the poetical diction; she is particularly fond of reading since she has resumed those pursuits which depend upon sight. Previous to the suspension of them she had made some proficiency in music and began to like it. She had also opportunities of learning a little French: these with writing and the reading suited to her age formed her acquirements. She is not very persevering, and with the tendency which her constitution has manifested it is not

advisable to stimulate her exertion (all excitement being injurious), though it is desirable to regulate their objects. She is at present very desirous to draw, and shows a singular aptitude for that art, as far as she is permitted to use her pencil. With respect to her temper, it is open and ingenuous—at an earlier age it threatened to be impetuous but is now sufficiently under control. She is very fond of society and talking, yet not dull when alone. Her person is tall and robust, and her features not regular, but countenance animated. The miniature is still life; she would be known by the enclosed profile.

She is now in really good health under the present system laid down by Warren and Mayo. It consists of mild medicine and sparing régime. There is great justice in Lord Byron's *medical* conjecture, but I am informed that the tendency to local congestion is not always relieved at *that period*, as the depletion may not be more than adequate to the increased supply of blood, and for some other reasons. I hope I have not omitted to notice any point expressed by Lord Byron.

I am yours affectionately,

A. N. B.

Lady Byron's letter mentions a profile of the child. I found it, with other tokens that the Pilgrim had most treasured, scattered on the floor, —as rubbish of no marketable value, and trampled on. I rescued from destruction a cambric handkerchief stained with his blood, and marked with a lady's name in hair; a ringlet; a ribbon; and a small glove. These relics I folded up with some of his own hair that I had shorn from his head.

This unfinished letter was the last of Byron's writings; it is to his half-sister, Augusta Leigh.

*Missolonghi, Feb. 23, 1824.*

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,

I received a few days ago your and Lady B.'s report of Ada's health, with other letters from England; for which I ought to be, and am (I hope) sufficiently thankful, as they are of great comfort, and I wanted some, having been recently unwell —but am now much better, so that you must not be alarmed.

You will have heard of our journeys and escapes, and so forth,—perhaps with some exaggeration;

but it is all very well now, and I have been some time in Greece, which is in as good a state as could be expected considering circumstances. But I will not plague you with politics—wars—or earthquakes, though we have had a rather smart one three nights ago, which produced a scene ridiculous enough, as no damage was done except to those who stuck fast in the scuffle to get first out of the doors or windows; amongst whom some recent importations from England, who had been used to quieter elements, were rather squeezed in the press for precedence.

I have been obtaining the release of about nine-and-twenty Turkish prisoners,—men, women, and children, and have sent them, at my own expense, home to their friends; but one pretty little girl of nine years of age, named Hato or Hatagée, has expressed a strong wish to remain with me or under my care;—and I have nearly determined to adopt her, if I thought that Lady B. would let her come to England as a companion to Ada (they are about the same age), and we could easily provide for her, —if not, I can send her to Italy for education. She is very lively and quick, and with great black

Oriental eyes and Asiatic features. All her brothers were killed in the revolution. Her mother wishes to return to her husband, who is at Previsa; but says that she would rather entrust the child to me in the present state of the country. Her extreme youth and sex have hitherto saved her life, but there is no saying what might happen in the course of the war (and of such a war). I shall probably commit her to the care of some English lady in the islands for the present. The child herself has the same wish, and seems to have a decided character for her age. You can mention this matter, if you think it worth while. I merely wish her to be respectably educated and treated; and if my years and all things be considered, I presume it would be difficult to conceive me to have any other views.

With regard to Ada's health, I am glad to hear that she is so much better; but I think it right that Lady B. should be informed (and guard against it accordingly) that her description of much of her disposition and tendencies very nearly resembles that of my own at a similar age,—except that I was much more impetuous. Her preference of *prose* (strange as it may now seem) *was*, and indeed *is*,



mine (for I hate reading verse—and always did) ; and I never invented anything but “ boats,—ships,” and generally something relative to the ocean. I showed the report to Colonel Stanhope, who was struck with the resemblance of parts of it to the paternal line,—even now.

But it is also fit, though unpleasant, that I should mention that my recent attack, and a very severe one, had a strong appearance of epilepsy ;—why, I know not—for it is late in life, its first appearance at thirty-six, and, so far as I *know*, it is *not* hereditary ;—and it is that it may not *become* so, that you should tell Lady B. to take some precautions in the case of Ada.

My attack has not returned,—and I am fighting it off with abstinence and exercise, and thus far with success ;—if merely casual, it is all very well ”——

Gordon, in his “ History of the Greek Revolution,” speaking of Byron just before his death, says: “ His health declined, and we cannot be surprised, considering what he had suffered, and was daily suffering, from the deceptions practised upon him, and importunate solicitations for money. Parry

talked a great deal and did little; Mavrocordato promised everything, and performed nothing, and the primates, who engaged to furnish 1,500 dollars towards the expenses of the fortifications, could not produce a farthing, and in lieu thereof presented him with the freedom of the town. The streets and country were a bed of mire, so he could not take any exercise out of doors."

To return to what passed in Byron's house. On hearing a noise below, I went down into the public room, and found Parry with a comrade carousing. This man (Parry) had been a clerk in the civil department of the Ordnance at Woolwich, and was sent out by the committee with the munitions of war, as head fire-master. In revolutions, however severely the body may suffer for want of pay and rations, your vanity is pampered to satiety by the assumption of whatever rank or title you may have a fancy for. Mavrocordato dubbed himself Prince; Byron, Commander-in-Chief; Parry, the ordnance clerk, Major.

I said, "Well, Major, what do you think was the cause of Lord Byron's death?"

"Think? I don't think anything about it; I am a

practical man, not a humbugging thinker; he would have been alive now if he had followed my advice. He lived too low; I told him so a thousand times. Two or three days before he slipped his wind, he said: 'Parry, what do you think is the matter with me? The doctors don't know my complaint.' 'No,' I said, 'nor nothing else, my lord; let me throw them out of the window.' 'What will do me good, Parry?' 'Brandy, my lord; nothing but brandy will save you; you have only got a chill on an empty stomach; let me mix you a stiff glass of grog, and you will be all right to-morrow,' but he shook his head, so I gave him up as a lost man. My father," he continued, "lived to a great age on brandy, and then he would not have died, but the doctor stopped his drink, and the death-rattle choked his scuppers."

"What did the doctors do, Parry, with Lord Byron?"

"Do! why, they physicked and bled him to death. My lord called them assassins to their faces, and so they are. A pair of more conceited ignorant scamps I never saw; they are only fit to stand at the corners of alleys to distribute Doctor Eady's hand-bills."

The doctors were Bruno, an Italian, and Millinger, an English student from Germany. The great Poet was in the hands of these novices—their first patient—and they practised on him as they had been taught. The fashion at that time was bleeding, blistering, and killing people with aperients; and this treatment, to a patient so sensitive, attenuated, and feeble as Byron, was certain death.

The fire-master was a rough burly fellow, never quite sober, but he was no fool, and had a fund of pot-house stories which he told in appropriately slang language; he was a mimic, and amused Byron by burlesquing Jeremy Bentham and other members of the Greek Committee. Besides these accomplishments, he professed a thorough knowledge of the art of fortification, and said he was the inventor of shells and fire-balls that would destroy the Ottoman fleet and the garrison of Lepanto. All he did, however, was to talk and drink. He was three months in Greece, returned to England, talked the committee out of £400 for his services, and drank himself into a mad-house. When he could get no more brandy to keep down the death-rattle, he died as he said his father had done. Six artificers whom he brought

to Greece with him, stayed there only a fortnight, and cost the committee £340.

Out of the first loan of £800,000, negotiated in England, the Greeks got £240,000. The money Byron advanced by way of loan was repaid by the Greeks; but I believe it was invested in the Greek loan, and so lost. The other portion was paid in materials for war.

All my readers know Byron's lines ("Childe Harold," Canto iii.) to his daughter:—

"Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,  
Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart?  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes, they smiled,  
And then we parted: not as now we part,  
But with a hope . . . ."

It will be interesting to know how Ada's mind developed, as shown in the following letter from her mother:—

*London, Nov. 9, 1839.*

TO REV. DR. T.

*Boston.*

I feel very grateful to your daughter, dear Dr. T., for giving me so many details of your illness; they

give me a little more hope than I felt before. I wish I could send you a letter which I received lately from Ada, containing her views of death. It has been much in her thoughts lately, though not from any instance of mortality in her own circle, nor from any apprehensions for herself, and I rejoice that she has reasoned herself into such happy conclusions before the hour of trial arrives. I think you will be interested in some passages which I will copy:—

“I have long conceived life here to be only a particular mode of action (a peculiar mode of vibration, perhaps, in some subtle fluid akin to the electrical ether, if not identical with it), and that death is nothing but a change in this *mode of action*, in consequence of which it ceases to remain *connected with the brain*; ceases to be *concentrated*, if I may so speak, and consciousness becomes marvellously extended. I wish I could truly express all I mean and feel: so vivid and peculiar is the impression at times that I could almost fancy I *had* died already. I have a glorious conception of death. I am strongly inclined to *material* views of the intelligent principle. I think there is a *kind* and mode of existence of matter so very different from anything here in

*evidence* around us, that by comparison it may be called spiritual. But in the strictly spiritual I do not believe. I think there is a mode of action which when once given birth to by our Creator (or rather under His laws), can never, never cease. This is immortality. I call our life here a *concentrated life*, and until our intelligence and conscience have acquired a certain practice, it is probably necessary that there should be this concentration of the sphere of action. I much question if any of the bad principles (by which I mean those which abuse has rendered bad) *can exist*, except in a highly concentrated form, and therefore I should imagine that the bad have to go through some state or states much more akin to the present than the good have. No wonder Christ wished to save us from this! My metaphysical doctrines are not *founded* on Scripture, but I am delighted to find that all Scripture confirms them, in some parts very strikingly, I find."

Surely these are very curious speculations to *originate* in the mind of a young woman not twenty-five.

An enthusiastic simpleton asked me once, "Do you consider that Shelley was a perfect man?" I

replied, "What do *you* regard as a perfect man?" Different people entertain different opinions as to manly perfection. Here, in a letter from Lady Byron, dated in 1835, is an indication of the sort of character that she viewed with predilection:—

"I can give you not my own impressions merely, but the concurrent testimonies of the wise and good. He is thirty years of age, has travelled in various parts of the world. He has thus gained considerable knowledge of men and affairs, but he has not lost the love of home, nor of those pursuits which form the duties of an English land-owner and magistrate. He is much occupied with improving the condition of his tenantry and of the poor. He goes to church every Sunday with the people of his parish, and returns for that purpose when staying in town. He reads family prayers every morning to his servants. These habits would not, however, assure me of his having the Christian *spirit*. It is from his conduct in his private relationships that I have inferred it. In his own family he has been singularly tried, having been in a manner set aside, owing to the excessive partiality felt by both his parents for the



second brother, to whom all the unentailed property has been left. But he has been dutiful and affectionate to *every* member of his family—to the mother who almost disowns him, and to the brother who was preferred to him. He has superior abilities and information, with some of those accomplishments which are graceful in society. It is, however, of much more importance that he is singularly right-minded and evenly tempered; that he values the intrinsic more than the external; that he feels the inseparable connection of virtue and happiness; that he substitutes a rigid self-control for the indulgences which are often considered venial in young men of his rank, and appears to have adopted as the rule of life, 'Do unto others,' &c. He is interested, I am happy to say, in prison discipline and juvenile reformation."

## CHAPTER XXII.

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,  
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;  
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,  
And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

*Don Juan.*

EARLY in the morning Gamba and I looked over Byron's papers; there were several journals and note-books; they contained memorandums of his thoughts, not of his actions—violent invectives on the Zaliotes and others—Italian and English letters, fifteen stanzas of the seventeenth canto of "Don Juan," dated 8th May, several songs finished, and sundry beginnings of poems, his opinions of Napoleon's banishment, continuations of "Childe Harold" and the "Deformed Transformed," and other fragments. Mavrocordato came in; finally we sealed up everything. The 30,000 or 40,000 dollars which Byron had brought with him to Missolonghi were

reduced to 5,000 or 6,000. Mavrocordato urged that this sum should be left with him as a loan, and that he would be responsible for its repayment. I objected to this as illegal, and insisted on the money being shipped to the Ionian Islands. The prince was exceedingly put out at this; he evidently thought my scruple arose from no other motive than personal enmity to him. The congress at Salona he considered a scheme of mine to get Byron out of his hands, and to deliver him, Mavrocordato, into the clutches of Odysseus, and he was in great terror of that chief. These things I could see engendered in his mind a deadly hatred of me. After the consummate art which this prince of Phanariotes had displayed in inveigling Byron and his dollars into Missolonghi, he looked upon him as a lawful prize, and on my efforts to rescue his victim as the height of audacity. I had no enmity to the prince, but I had a strong feeling of goodwill towards Byron; and never lost sight of his interest. To be brief, my plan had been simply this—to get Byron to Athens. Odysseus, whose confidence I had won, engaged to deliver up the Acropolis of that city, to put the said fortress into my hands the instant

Byron promised to come there, and to allow me to garrison it with my own people and hold it; with no other condition than that of not giving it up to the Greek government as at the time constituted. There the poet would have been in his glory; he loved Athens. In that fortress with a Frank garrison he would have been thoroughly independent; he would have been safe from fevers, for it is the healthiest site in the world, as well as the most beautiful. If the Greeks succeeded in raising a loan, and he was appointed to control its expenditure, at Athens he would have been in a commanding position: aloof from the sordid civil and military factions, he might have controlled them. Byron was no soldier,

“Nor the division of a battle knew  
More than a spinster.”

To carry on the war a disciplined army and an able general were indispensable. Sir C. J. Napier was the man exactly fitted for such an emergency: skilful, fearless, prompt, and decided as fate. The deep interest that great soldier felt in the cause of the Greeks was such, that he would have undertaken the war, although it would have cost him his com-

mission in the British service, if solicited by the proper authorities, and furnished with sufficient means and power. When Byron was on his death-bed, and wandering in his mind, Napier was uppermost in his thoughts; he cursed the mercenary and turbulent Zuliotes, exclaiming: "When Napier comes, I will have them all flayed alive."

In one of my visits to Cephalonia, expressly to inform Napier of the state of anarchy in Greece, I told him the first duty he would have to perform would be that of shooting and imprisoning half-a-dozen of the most refractory of the leaders of factions, as well as of the Captanria.

"No," he said, "you shall do that; you shall be Provost Marshal. If I go there, we will raise the price of hemp; and I won't go without two European regiments, money in hand to pay them, and a portable gallows."

"I will accept the office, and do my duty," I answered.

To resume my story. After I had seen Byron's effects despatched to Zante, I left Missolonghi to return to Salona. Many of the foreign soldiers who had been in Byron's pay, now that pay was stopped,

volunteered to join me. I engaged as many as I could afford to keep. I had likewise five brass guns, with ammunition, and some other things sent out by the English committee, which I was authorized to take to Eastern Greece. Mavrocordato opposed this order,—but I enforced it; so that I had now a cavalcade of fifty or sixty horses and mules, and about a hundred men, including the Roumeliotes whom I had brought with me. In all my motley squad there was only one who spoke English, and he was a Scot. It would have been better had I omitted that one. When I arrived at Salona, I found Stanhope and a host of others, who had come to meet Byron. Stanhope had received a letter from the Horse Guards ordering him home.

Several people have asked, and one has written to me to know if Byron was addicted to the noxious weed—tobacco; and this is my answer:—

“Age thinketh many things, youth is full of imaginings. Our chief pleasures spring from our imaginations; when they have furnished you with one keep it to yourself, don’t analyse or seek evidence

to ascertain its reality, for it is volatile and may fly off; dry facts, like dry bones, are displeasing to the sight and feelings. The tale of the meerschaum pipe you ask me about is simply this. When I went to Greece in 1823 with Byron, I left my impediments to the care of an old friend, Captain Roberts, of the Navy. Byron died; I was dangerously wounded, and soon after reported dead; Roberts had deposited my things with Dunn, a shopkeeper at Leghorn; he was in debt to Dunn, and Dunn advised him to sell the things I had left with him. Byron had had dealings with Dunn whilst he was living at Pisa, and travellers, hearing this, often applied to him for autographs or other things that had belonged to Byron as memorials. This suggested to the crafty shopkeeper that it would be a grand speculation to dispose of some of the best things as Byron's, and that as we were both gone, and no claimants in my case, there would be no evidence to the contrary. The fact is, Byron had nothing whatever to do with the pipe you mention, never had it in his hand, much less smoked it—in truth, Byron never smoked either pipe or cigar. Poets are addicted to stimulants, but not sedatives;

tobacco dulls the senses, wine excites them. Not liking to dissipate your illusion I have left your letter unanswered till now."

The greatest man, although not the greatest poet, is said always to have smoked a pipe before he went to bed—John Milton. This I did not know till after I had written the above letter. In consequence of that sale by Dunn, many things belonging to me are treasured in museums as records of the great Poet.

I had now no motive for remaining in Greece. The Greeks were jealous of foreigners; those who had not money wandered about in rags and wretchedness, although many of them were very able soldiers and had greatly distinguished themselves. But I did not like deserting Odysseus; he was very anxious I should stay. He said: "The Greeks were naturally treacherous, artful, sordid, and fickle; and that history and tradition proved they had always been so."

Jeremy Bentham wrote a Constitution for the Greeks: Colonel Leicester Stanhope gave me a copy of it—it was founded on the Swiss Federal



Government, being clear, and I thought admirably constructed for the then state of Greece. The population of Greece at the time of the revolution was only a million and a quarter. The leaders of the soldiers who drove the Turks from their provinces considered the provinces as theirs, and this is the origin of all governments; but the civilians in the towns, seeing that they would have no power, were stirred up by some intriguing Phanariotes to dispute these claims, and some of the most energetic conspired to form a self-constituted government, Mavrocordato, Tricoupi, and Colette took the lead. The military chiefs in the first place took little heed of the movements of the civilians, and when the rumour of a loan of money reached the chiefs they ridiculed it, not believing it possible that anyone could lend money without security, and Greece had none to offer.

The congress dispersed. I returned with Odysseus into Livadia, and we revisited Athens and Eubœa,—carrying on the war in the same inefficient and desultory way as before, unaided by the government and abandoned to our own resources. Hitherto the military chiefs held all the real power

in Greece; the territory they wrested from the Turks they considered as lawful prize: in short, they acted on

“The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.”

As to the government, it was a mere farce, but its members knew it might one day become a reality. Their chief occupation consisted in raising money from those few spots not previously ravaged by the ruthless soldiers. The insignificant revenue thus raised they appropriated to their own uses.

This self-constituted government, however, did get a loan from England, and with that they made their power felt; they raised soldiers and gathered the small chiefs about them. The more powerful chiefs held aloof, but from mutual jealousy they were all at enmity with each other.

The government were now assembled at Nauplia. An English vessel arrived in that port with £40,000 assigned to them,—this being the first instalment of the Greek loan. The rush to the diggings in California and Australia, on the first discovery of gold

in those regions, was partial, if not orderly, as compared with the wild and universal rush of the Greeks on Nauplia. That town was beleaguered by armed legions of robbers, frantically clamouring for their share of the spoil. Their military leaders soon found, not only that they should get no money, but that they were in imminent peril of losing their heads.

The government determined to rule with a strong hand, and to crush their military rivals. They commenced organizing a force and inveigling the men from their chiefs; they attempted to assassinate Odysseus, and were plotting to seize the great Moreote chieftain, Colocotroni,—so the great captains fled to their mountain strongholds. The government ultimately arrested Colocotroni and many others.

Odysseus, who commanded in Eastern Greece before the revolution, had been given the command of that province by Ali Pasha of Yanina, for the express purpose of exterminating the brigands, who at that time numbered a thousand men, and had controlled that part of Greece for centuries. This object Odysseus effected completely. Those who

submitted he took into his service; and at the outbreak of the revolution with those men he fought the first important battles against the Turks.

I remained with a hundred men between Livadia and Mount Parnes. Odyssens joined me there, and gave me an account of the state of things at Nauplia. He was the ablest soldier in Greece, and the Turks could only get to the Morea through his province. His acuteness and power made him the most formidable enemy to the Greek government; they could neither buy nor intimidate him.

He said: "By stratagem and force, with my own small means, I have kept the Turks out of the Morea for three years without aid from the government. The territory we captains have dispossessed the Sultan of, our self-elected government have sold to the Russians; and with the money they are to get rid of us, to make way for a foreign king and foreign soldiers."

I asked, "What king?"

He said, they were "divided on that subject, but the Russian party was the strongest, for they had the priests, the Phanariotes and Moreotes, with them, backed by the people of the towns and

strengthened by Russian agents, who were always for arbitrary and military government like their own."

The different chiefs as well as Odysseus, to whom I had explained Bentham's Constitution, were eager for it, as they would have retained their power.

Odysseus added: "What puzzles me is, that England should advance money to make Greece a hospodariot of Russia. I never met any Greek who could understand the reason why so shrewd a nation of traffickers as the English should lend them such large sums of money, since everyone must know, they said, that they neither could nor would repay any portion of it."

I urged Odysseus to resign his command, and with a few followers to retire to the mountains—adding that "borrowed money in the hands of a knavish government would soon vanish."

Odysseus said: "This part of the country, Livadia, my father inherited from his father, who won it by his valour, and when it was lost through the treachery of the Venetians, who sold my father to the Sultan, I regained it by my wits, and have kept it with my sword."

“And so you may again, if you are dispossessed now,” I answered, “if you bide your time.”

He then told me that the Greek government would not allow him money or soldiers to defend the Greek passes into the Morea, and that it was impossible for him to oppose the ‘Turks’ entry into his territory, as he had only two or three hundred men in his pay, and that if they did not assist him he should make a treaty with the Turkish pasha at Negropont not to oppose their march into the Morea if they would pass through his territory (Livadia and Attica) with a flag of truce; but that if the government furnished him with the means, he would prevent the Turks from entering into his territory.

How can a soldier, with nothing but his sword, defend himself against infernal machinations devised by a Prince of Hell, armed with a chest of gold? Phanariotes, like devils, work in the dark!

In one of the precipices of Mount Parnassus, in Livadia, the highest mountain in Greece, there is a cavern, at an elevation of a thousand feet above the plain. This cavern Odysseus had, with great ingenuity, managed to ascend, and convert into a place of safety for his family and effects during the

war. The only access to it was by ladders, bolted to the rock. The first ladder, forty-five or fifty feet in length, was placed against the face of the rock, and steadied by braces; a second, resting on a projecting crag, crossed the first; and a third, lighter and shorter, stood on its heel on a natural shelf in the fractured stone. This third ladder led to a trap-door, the bolts and bars of which being removed, you entered a vaulted guard-room, pierced with lancet-holes for musketry. This opened on a broad terrace, eighty feet in length, screened by a substantial parapet-wall, breast-high, with embrasures mounted with cannon. The height of the natural arch spanning the cave is thirty feet above this lower terrace, so that it is particularly light, airy, and cheerful, commanding extensive and magnificent views. Ascending by steps to a yet higher terrace of solid rock, the breadth and height of the cave diminish, until the end is reached. On the right of the great cave there is a smaller one; besides which there are many small grottoes, the size of chambers, connected by galleries. They are perfectly dry, and were used for store-rooms and magazines. One of them I converted into a chapel



FORTIFIED CAVE IN MOUNT PARNASSUS, THE STRONGHOLD OF ODYSSEUS, A.D. 1824.





for an old priest, covering the rugged walls with gaudy hangings, flaming paintings, and holy relics of saints, saved from the desecrated churches in the neighbourhood.

The interior of this magnificent cavern often reminded me, with its grottoes, galleries, and vaulted roof, of a cathedral, particularly when the softened light of the evening obscured its ruggedness, or by moonlight. The towering mass of rock above the cave projected boldly over its base. To make it perfect, there was a never-failing supply of the purest water, which found its way through subterranean channels from the regions of perpetual snow, filtering through fractures in the rock above into a capacious cistern built on the upper terrace.

This cavern was our citadel, and by removing the upper ladder became impregnable without the aid of a garrison. We built boarded houses within it, and stored it with all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, besides immense supplies of arms and ammunition.

I urged Odysseus to abide in this stronghold, saying that the borrowed money was sure to be embezzled by a government composed of arrant

sharpers; and that but a small part of it would be applied to the purpose it was contracted for. Besides, Ibrahim Pasha was on his way to Greece with an immense force. Civil wars were already rife in the Morea. "The Greeks," I continued, "and their country are so admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, that those chiefs who had carried on the insurrection successfully, and had shown that they alone had capacity to continue it, must be recalled from banishment to defend their country. Then you can retaliate on the government by demanding an account of their stewardship."

"I did expose their frauds to their faces," exclaimed the chief, "in the National Assembly at Nauplia, and on the same night two shots were fired at me from a window opposite to the one I was sitting at. My guards seized the miscreants, and I gave them up to the police, but they were not punished. If I stay here, we shall be beleaguered by assassins, and prevented from communicating with my lieutenants and followers. Ghouras still holds the Acropolis of Athens. I cannot stay here; a stag at bay is more to be feared than a lion blockaded in his den."

It was decided that I should remain, and he go forth. I had shared in his prosperity, and would not leave him in his adversity. As a garrison was superfluous, I reduced mine to half-a-dozen. To guard against treachery, I chose men of different countries, who were not likely to conspire together: a Greek, Turk, Hungarian, and Italian, a venerable priest, and two Greek boys as servants.

Our other inmates were the chief's son, an infant, his wife, mother, and two or three other women. I entrusted the keys of the entrance to the Albanian Turk, a resolute determined fellow.

In the mountains of Pindus and Agrafa, in Thessalia, they have the noblest breed of dogs in the world. In size and strength they are not much inferior to the king of beasts, and in courage and sagacity they are superior. When thoroughbred and well trained they are held in such estimation by their owners, that money will not buy them. We had one of these. He did the duty of a guard of soldiers, patrolling the lower terrace at night, and keeping watch at the guard room door by day. He would not enter a room. He was best pleased in the winter snow-storms, when the icicles hung

on his long brindled hair and shaggy mane. It was impossible to elude his vigilance or corrupt his fidelity; he would not take food from any other hands than mine or the Albanian's, and could not be bribed. This is more than I could say of any Greek that I had dealings with, during the three years that I lived amongst them.

In addition to the small number within the cave, I had a much larger force at the foot of the ladders. They were hutted within a stone breast-work. I gave the command of them to the Scotchman whom I had brought from Missolonghi. Their duty was to patrol the passes of the mountain, to collect the tithes or tribute from the neighbouring villages (these were paid in kind), to learn the news, and to keep up my correspondence with the chief and others.

The name of the Scotchman was Fenton. Thomas was, I think, his Christian name. He introduced himself to me, as I have before narrated, on my visit to Western Greece, saying he had come out expressly to join Lord Byron's regiment; that he had served in the civil wars in Spain, was skilled in guerilla warfare, that his funds were exhausted,

and, as I was proceeding to the war, he begged me to take him with me.

I pointed out the deplorable condition of foreigners in Greece generally, and the peculiar state of things in that part of the country I was going to in particular, and offered to advance him money to return home. As he persisted in his wish to go with me, I reluctantly yielded to his importunity.

He was a tall, bony man, with prominent eyes and features, dark hair, and long face, in the prime of life, thirty-one or thirty-two years of age. His dress, accoutrements, and arms were all well chosen. He was restless, energetic, enterprising, and a famous walker. During the time he was with me I sent him on many missions to the Ionian Islands for money, to the seat of government to see what they were doing, and with letters to friendly chiefs, so that he was not much at the cave; and when he was, he lived in a hut below it. I supplied him with all he wanted—my purse was his. He was not squeamish on these points, but sensual, and denied himself nothing within his reach. When in my neighbourhood, he passed most of his time with me. No querulous word or angry glance ever ruffled our

friendly intercourse. I thought him honest, and his staying with me a proof of his goodwill, if not personal friendship, and never omitted an occasion of doing him a service.

When Odysseus had been absent three or four months, rumours reached me in January, 1825, that the government were resolved to deprive the chief of his command in Eastern Greece. To do this effectually, they were endeavouring to detach his lieutenant, Ghouras, who held Attica, from him. I despatched Fenton to Athens and Nauplia, to ascertain the truth of these reports.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Another proudly clad  
In golden arms, spurs a Tartarian barb  
Into the gap, and with his iron mace  
Directs the torrent of that tide of men.

*Hellas—SHELLEY.*

I WAS told some time after this that Odysseus was corresponding with Omer Pasha of Negropont, and fearing that he might resort to some desperate measures in his present difficulties, I left the cave one night in a snowstorm, and with a trusty fellower who knew the country, we descended to the plain, threading our way through the rocks and pine-trees. We mounted two swift Arab horses, galloped along a hollow valley, crossed a deep stream, the Sperchius, and proceeded towards the town of Livadia, where we arrived the next day. I was surprised to see Turkish Delhi cavalry, known at a great distance by the immense height of their head-gear, careering on



the plain. On meeting Odysseus, he told me he had made a truce for three months with Omer Pasha. The only stipulation between them was that, for that period, Eastern Greece was to be a neutral territory—he said, “It is the only way in which I could save the people from being massacred. I have written to the Athenians to say that, as the government have not only refused to give me rations or money for my troops, but are doing their utmost to induce them to desert me, I cannot longer defend the passes which lead to Athens.”

I knew it was a common practice of the military leaders in Greece to make treaties with the enemy in the provinces they governed, for especial objects, on their own responsibility—yet I saw at once the chief had made a fatal error in doing so on the present occasion. I told him that, although his family had ruled in Livadia for three generations, the Turks in the Morea had been dispossessed after four centuries of possession; that now the Greek government were strong, and would direct all their forces to crush him. If he took refuge with the Turks, they would betray him, and send him or his head to Constantinople. “I know

that," he answered, "I shall take care of that; they are in my power; what I have done is only to bring the Greek government to terms." I saw that he was anxious and perplexed, and that he repented of the step he had taken, and had been plotting to extricate himself before I arrived at Livadia. The next day we went to Thebes, and on the one succeeding followed the line of the Eubœan Strait to Talanta.

The hollowness of this armistice was apparent—Odysseus and the Ottoman Bey, suspecting each other of treachery, used every precaution to avoid being ensnared. The Turkish horse stuck to the level ground, the Greeks clung to the hills; Odysseus skirted them, his best men and swiftest runners dogging his steps, and keeping him from being cut off from his guerillas.

The Delhi Colonel was selected from the Turkish host at Eubœa, as the only soldier capable of contending in arts or arms with the wily and able Greek chief: he was the best specimen of an Eastern warrior I had seen—calm, vigilant, and dexterous in the disposition of his troopers. Our chief knew the country better than any man in it.

I urged him to give the enemy the slip, and to come to the cavern. His answer was, "Stay, not yet!"

It was early in February we stopped at Talanta on a wet stormy night: in selecting his quarters, our chief with his usual sagacity fixed upon the ruins of a Greek church, situated, as the Greek churches, chapels, and monasteries usually are, on an elevated and defensible site—the town was abandoned and in ruins. After we had supped and were smoking our pipes, some of the Greek patrols came in, saying they had captured two Franks. They were ordered to bring them in. I told the chief to make no allusion to me, but to question them through his secretary.

As they entered, one of them observed to his comrade in English, "What a set of cut-throats! Are they Greeks or Turks?"

"Mind what you say."

"Oh! they only want our money," answered the other. "I hope they will give us something to eat before they cut our throats. I am famished."

Certainly appearances were against us. At one

end of the building, Odysseus, the Greek chief, the Turkish Bey, and I sat smoking our pipes. At the other end, within the church, stood our horses saddled, ready for mounting, the soldiers lying down in clusters along the sides, with all their gear on, for neither Greeks nor Turks divest themselves of a single article of dress or arms during the night. Their hands still grasped their weapons, and they slept so lightly that if in talking a voice was raised their eager wolfish eyes were instantly upon the speaker. On the strangers entering, some of the soldiers sprang up, others leant on their elbows to listen or rather to look on, for they could not understand a word. The travellers told their story,—stating that they were last from Smyrna, and had landed that morning from an English brig, at a small port in the Gulf of Eubœa, with no other object than to see the country. Neither of the chiefs believed them, nor did I; nevertheless, they were treated hospitably, had supper, coffee, and pipes, and their baggage placed beside them. They sat together in a spare corner close to us, with no arms but fowling-pieces. One of them was very ill at his ease, the other, who I learnt from their discourse

was a Major, took things as coolly as if he had been at an inn, said the cold lamb (it was goat) was the best he had ever tasted, and asked the Greek attendant if he had no rackie (spirit), the only Romaic word he had learnt. Odysseus understanding what he wanted, told the boy to give him wine.

“If they are robbers,” exclaimed the Major, “they are damned good fellows, so I drink success to their next foray.” Soon after one of them lay down in a dark corner. Turks, Greeks, and all Orientals consider it the greatest possible insult, as well as an outrage on decency, for any one in public to change his garments or expose any part of his person below the waist. The Major was a remarkably tall, gaunt, bony man: after finishing his wine, he set to work to make up a comfortable bed with horse-cloths, slips of carpet, a bag for a pillow, &c.; when he had done this to his satisfaction, we supposed he would lie down, as his companion had done. On the contrary, he deliberately, as if in his own barrack-room, utterly regardless of our presence, took off his boots, socks, coat, waistcoat, trousers, and shirt, folding each article carefully up

and placing it by his bedside. Thus exhibiting himself in all possible attitudes stark naked, he leisurely filled the bowl of his Turkish pipe, and advanced towards us to light it at the fire.

The two chiefs at first looked on the Major's novel proceedings with curiosity, as visitors in the Zoological Gardens do at the hippopotamus; but as the process of stripping advanced, they looked serious; the shirt scene took away their breath; their pipes went out when the Major advanced towards them. The Turk started up in horror with his hand on his sword. The Major, supposing he was making way for him from civility, and unconscious of giving any offence, made a very polite bow to us generally; and, in a gentle and conciliating tone, said, in his own language, "Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats, don't let me disturb you;" he then bent his body into a sharp angle, so as to draw a light from the burning embers. The position he stood in was so ludicrous, that Odysseus and I could not resist laughing. The Major, considering this a token of good fellowship, insisted on shaking hands with us, saying, "I am sure you are both good fellows—Good night!"

I now saw by the light of the fire that he was not absolutely naked, for he had a leather waistcoat and drawers on, but they fitted as tight as his skin, and were exactly of the same colour. The Major lay down and smoked himself to sleep. Odysseus went out and brought back the Turkish bey.

Expecting to be surprised by Turks or Greeks, and distrusting those with us, we could not sleep; so our chief, to conceal his own anxiety, and to while away the time, recounted to the Turk the marvellous things he had seen done at Yanina by the Franks whilst he was serving with Ali Pasha. Odysseus then questioned the Osmanlee about Paradise and Mahomet, very profanely. The Albanian Turks are by no means bigots; our bey had evidently very little faith in anything but his sword. At length we dozed as we sat.

Before daylight the Major got up and went out; I followed him, accosting him in his native tongue.

"How well you speak English, my good fellow," he said.

The frank and cordial manner of the Major so impressed me with his honesty, that I hurriedly explained who I was, the critical state of things

with us, and my anxiety to extricate Odysseus from the peril that encompassed him.

The Major instantly and earnestly entered into my views, saying, "The vessel we came in will remain two or three days in the port; it will take but a few hours to reach her. I will return and stop by her for Odysseus, detain her as long as I can, and go with him to the Ionian Islands."

I told the chief our plan, he eagerly accepted the offer,—I pledged myself to keep possession of his mountain home, and to protect his family until altered circumstances permitted him to return to Greece. Hastily making the needful arrangements, the good-hearted Major departed on his mission. The chief having much to say to me, and thinking it probable I might be in danger on my return to the cave, convoyed me with his whole force. On our parting, he called some of his principal followers, and said, "I call you to witness, I give this Englishman the cavern and everything of mine in it." Then turning to me he said, "Do what you think best without referring to me." As we sat on the turf by a broken fountain, he placed his rough hairy hand on my bosom, saying, "You have



a strong heart in a strong body: you find fault with me for distrusting my countrymen,—I never doubted you. I trusted you from the first day as I do now on the last we may ever be together; though I cannot understand why you give money and risk life to serve those who would shoot you for money, as they will me if they can.”

Either from the vigilance of the Ottomans at Eubœa, or of those with him, or from some other impediment, the chief did not reach the port he was to have embarked from until after the vessel had sailed with the Major, although he had detained her as long as possible. I then expected the chief would make for the cave; we kept a sharp look-out, and posted men at the several passes; he wrote to me from time to time, but nothing definitively; and we passed months in this state of suspense.

I sent Fenton to Argos in the Morea, where the government was to give them the conditions proposed by Odysseus, and get what information he could of their designs. I gave Fenton a horse, guide, some soldiers, and what money he wanted. When he arrived he sent me small brief notices by couriers of conferences he had had with the Secre-

tary of War, one of the most acute and unprincipled of the hangers-on of the government, who was confident every man had his price, instinctively discovered that Fenton was one of his own type, and after many conferences they devised a plan to entrap Odysseus and assassinate me. To effect this it was necessary to get Odysseus out of the cavern, and to assassinate me in it. The stronghold was supposed to be crammed like an argosy with wealth derived from plunder of the Turks in many battles. If Fenton were successful he was to have half of everything that was in the cavern. To be brief, Fenton returned to me with a budget of special lies. The cavern was so secure that in quiet times I despatched the few soldiers I had in it on different errands.

I was in the daily habit of sallying forth to gather news, though warned against it. Early in April, when I was some distance from my den, I was startled by a shot; the red-capped Greeks were dogging me behind the rocks and pine-trees: I hastened up the steep ascent, gained the lower ladder, mounted slowly until I recovered my wind, then faster, the musket-balls whistling

by me right and left—above and below. I should have come down faster than I went up, but from the great advantage my men above had, and the sharp cross-fire they kept up to cover my retreat. On my entering the trap-door my assailants retreated across the mountain.

Shortly after this occurrence a large body of Greeks came to Velitza, a village at the foot of our mountain, a detachment ascended towards us; on coming near, one of them advanced, holding a green bough as a flag of truce: he said Odysseus was with the troops below, and that he had brought a letter from him to me. It was to this effect, that he—Odysseus—was now with his friend Ghouras; he entreated me to come to him to confer on matters of great importance; saying that hostages would be given for my safe return, &c.

I merely answered, "If what you say is true, why don't you come here? you may bring Ghouras or half-a-dozen others with you."

Several notes of this sort were exchanged. In the last, our chief urged me to capitulate as the only means of saving his life; telling me that I might now do so on my own terms, for those with

him were Roumeliotes favourably disposed to him and to me; and that if I lost this opportunity, I should be blockaded by his enemies, the Moreotes, who would give us no quarter. Of course I declined, for I knew the chief was writing under compulsion: the messenger tried what he could do by tampering with my men, individually proffering large bribes; so I told one of the men to shoot him if he spoke another word. During this parley the most nimble-footed of the enemy scaled the cliffs to see if it was possible to get at us by the aid of ropes from above, or by blasting the rocks, or with shot or shell. I sent several of my people to mingle with the foe, offering five thousand dollars to those who would aid the escape of Odysseus. On the fourth or fifth day they departed,—leaving spies to watch us, as I knew they would. I then sent all the men I could trust to follow on the trail of our chief, and wrote to all his friends. That I might not be made a target of a second time, I did not venture forth alone.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Spare me ! oh spare !—I will confess.

————— They  
Tempted me with a thousand crowns, and I  
And my companion forthwith murdered him.

*Cenci.*

IN the latter end of May, 1825, Fenton had brought with him from Racora, in Bœotia, a light-headed, but apparently simple-minded English Philhellene named Whitcombe; he said he had been in the East Indian Army, and that he came to Greece to seek adventures. At all times glad to see my countrymen, I was particularly so at that time; Fenton was especially pleased with him. They both dined and passed their evenings with me, but slept below in Fenton's hut. On the fourth day after our noon-day meal we sat smoking and drinking under the verandah of my house, on the lower terrace, longer than usual. I had then no one in the cavern but

the Albanian, who watched the entrance, a Hungarian, and the Italian unarmed secretary and interpreter.

It was intensely hot; all my people had retreated into one of the upper grottoes, where it was always cool, to enjoy their usual siesta. Fenton said, he had made a bet with Whitcombe about their shooting, and that I was to decide it. My Italian servant, Everett, then put up a board for a target at the extremity of the terrace. After they had fired several shots, at Fenton's suggestion I sent the Italian to his comrades above. Fenton then said to me, after some more shots had been fired wide of the mark, "You can beat him with your pistol, he has no chance with us veterans."

I took a pistol from my belt and fired; they were standing close together on a flat rock, two yards behind me; the instant I had fired I heard another report, and felt that I was shot in the back. They both exclaimed, "What a horrid accident!" As one of their flint guns had just before hung fire, and I had seen Fenton doing something to the lock of his, I thought it was an accident. I said, "Fenton, this must have been accidental!" He assured me

it was so, and expressed the deepest sorrow. No thought of their treachery crossed my mind. I did not fall, but sat down on a rock with the pistol in my hand, and in perfect possession of all my faculties. Fenton said, "Shall I shoot Whitcombe?" I answered, "No." I took my other pistol from my belt, when Fenton said, "I will call your servant," and hastily left me, following Whitcombe to the entrance porch. The dog, growling fiercely, first stopped their flight; he had the voice of a lion, and never gave a false alarm. The Hungarian, always prompt, was quickly at his post on the upper terrace. Fenton, who had run away, called to him, "A dreadful accident! will you come down and help?" The Hungarian said, "No accident, but treachery! If you don't put your carbine down I shall shoot you." Fenton as a last resort was raising his carbine, when the Hungarian shot him and he fell dead.

The Albanian came from the guard-room, and understanding no language but his own, was quite bewildered. Whitcombe, Fenton's dupe and confederate, attempted to escape by the trap-door leading to the ladder; the dog threw him on his back, and held him as if he had been a rat. Achmett, the

Turk, seized him, bound his arms, dragged him to a crane used for hoisting things from below, put a slip-knot in the rope, and placed it round his ankles to hang him. His convulsive shrieks and the frantic struggles he made as his executioners were hoisting him over the precipice, calling on God to witness that he was innocent, thrilled through my shattered nerves; he besought me to let him live till the morning, or for one hour, that he might write home, or even for five minutes until he had told me everything. Everett informed me what they were at; I sent him to the Hungarian, desiring him to defer what he was doing till I had ascertained from Whitcombe the facts which constitute my present narrative. I could not conceive it possible that an English gentleman, my guest, on the most cordial terms with me, should after four days' acquaintance, conspire with Fenton to assassinate me—there had been no provocation, and I could see no motive for the act. Fenton had never seen Whitcombe before, nor had I. If there was foul play, Fenton must have been the traitor: I had very great difficulty in staying the execution, everyone in the cave clamouring for vengeance.



His life now hung on mine, and everybody thought that I was mortally wounded. They all swore, if I died, they would roast him by a slow fire : this was no idle threat, for it had been done on more than one occasion during that sanguinary war.

When I was shot, I sat down on the rock I had been standing on : bending down my head to let the blood flow from my mouth, a musket-ball and several broken teeth came with it—the socket of the teeth was broken, and my right arm paralysed. I walked without assistance into the small grotto I had boarded up and floored and called my house ; it was divided into two small rooms, and there was a broad verandah in front. Squatting in a corner, my servant cut open my dress behind, and told me I had been shot with two balls between my shoulders, near together, on the right side of my spine, and one of them close to it. One of the balls, as I have said, its force expended on my bones, dropped from my mouth without wounding my face ; the other broke my collar-bone, and remained in my breast—it is still there. No blood issued from the places they had entered at. We had no surgeon or medicines in the cave ; the air

---

was so dry and pure, our living so simple, that this was the first visit sickness or sorrow paid us. Nature makes no mistakes, doctors do; probably I owe my life to a sound constitution and having had no doctor.

The morning after I had respited Whitcombe, my servant brought me the following letter from him, which he read to me, though he could not speak English :

“ For God’s sake, sir, permit me to see you, if it is but for five minutes’ conversation ; it will save my life. In the fulness of contrition I yesterday told Favourite (Everett) my crime, and through misconstruction, or some other cause, he has interpreted it to Camerone, so as to cause my death. They all declare to me they will kill me and burn me. Camerone knocked me down and has thrown me in irons. For the mercy of Almighty God, let me see you ; instead of augmenting, my explanation will palliate my offence. I wish not that it should be alone. I wish also that Camerone and Everett should be by, to question me before you, and to endeavour to implicate me if they can. I wish only to tell you all the circumstances which I told Everett. Camerone

declares that I have plotted all the evil for Ulysses (Odysseus). For God's sake let me explain myself immediately, and do not let me be murdered without a word of explanation. O God! my misery is already too great; they care not for what you tell them; they want to tie me up by my irons to the beam of the room, and cut my head off."

I refused to see him: he then wrote an incoherent account of what took place between him and Fenton—the latter accusing me of having usurped his place, as Odysseus wished him to have the command during his absence; saying that Odysseus had sent a messenger to him at Athens to that effect, and that on his return he should take possession of the cave; that there were beautiful women in it, and stores of gold; he would man it with English, clothe his followers with rich dresses and jewels: there would be a row first, a scene of blood, but that all he wanted was a friend to stand by him. By Whitcombe's account—too rambling and absurd to transcribe—his feeble brain was worked up to a state of homicidal insanity; he used the gentle term of infatuation. He persisted in his asseveration that Fenton shot me, and his only crime was not

warning me of my danger. The only thing his writing proved was that he had a very feeble intellect, and that Fenton had taken advantage of his weakness. He was now mad with terror, he screamed and shrieked if anyone came near him, he was in irons and chained to the wall, with no other food than bread and water. I resolved on the twentieth day of his imprisonment to set him free, which I did. When restored to life and liberty he wrote me the following letter:—

MUCH-INJURED SIR,

I cannot express to you what I feel for your unmerited kindness to me for your releasing me from an untimely death; other release it is not in the power of man to procure for me, my internal misery and shame being complete. May you never feel the half that I do. May you never be like me, reduced by an acquaintance of four days with a villain from the smiling circles who loved me, and had pleasure in my society, to the solitary wretched outcast which I am now become. I have now no home, no family, no friends—and all I regret is that I have still the gnawings of a conscience which

makes me prefer life a little longer, with all my former enjoyments cut off, to an ignominious and untimely end. I can say no more, perhaps now I have troubled you too much.

That God may send you a speedy recovery, and turn every curse which falls upon my head into a blessing upon yours, is the prayer of the wretched

W. G. WHITCOMBE.

He subsequently addressed one of his friends as follows :—

*Camp, August 11, 1825.*

MY DEAR SIR,

You will, perhaps, be astonished at my addressing you, when, from the unhappy circumstances into which my fatality has immersed me, I ought only to calculate on your discarding all converse with a being whose sin has placed between him and society a gulf fitter to be removed by any hands but his. But I cannot, cannot bear so sudden a transition into exquisite misery and shame without a line which may give palliatives to my offence. Scan it with a dispassionate eye; my only motive for begging this last favour of you is, that you may

rather hold me the weak, unsuspecting tool, than the practised, unprincipled villain. Others played that part; others saw my easy nature, and thought me a fit instrument for the furthering of their grand speculations and enterprises. They discerned rightly—they have entailed the curse upon me; they have made the villain of me that they wished; but yet shall that curse be retaliated upon them. One is dead: the other still lives, and has left behind him many little interesting traits of character which will tend well to the blazonment of his fame, and conscience, if not warped by constant meannesses, shall by its sweet recollections requite him for the rest.

Charmed by Mr. Humphreys' account of the excessive intrepidity, honour, romantic situation, &c. &c. of his friend Fenton, added to his good-nature and *bonhomie*, I was induced by the repeated, by the urgent entreaties of that Mr. Humphreys, added to a letter (expressing the most pressing invitation from Fenton, addressed to Humphreys, with many dark mystic expressions, known only, I presume, to himself)—I was induced, I say, to pay that visit to the cave. On my arrival I was beset

by Fenton's utmost talents of duplicity (in which never mortal man has excelled him). Touched by his mournful tales of wrongs, rejection, deprivation of right, viewing him only as the romantic, the injured, the generous hero he had been represented by Humphreys, I swore to stand by him on his resolution to recover his rights or die. He worshipped me for it, and being too good a discernor of character to disclose further the nature of his designs, at the idea of which he knew I would revolt, he nailed me to the spot and moment of action, and by not giving a minute's time to recover from my infatuation, he precipitated me into that hell of guilt and shame which had long yawned for the wretched adventurer as his meed, but which, without arrainging Providence, might still, methinks, have been withheld from me. But where misfortune ever exists, there am I sure to get acquainted with it. And because such a villain survived in the same land, I, without holding with him a shadow of previous connection, without one thought, in the whole association of our ideas, which brought with it the slightest similitude whereby to enable me to account, by a harsh destiny, for my being coupled

with the memory of such a villain's fate, am nevertheless doomed, solely because such an one exists, to connect myself, and all my happiness and honour, irretrievably with his fate. I am now a wandering outcast, a being whose very claim on society is departed, and would not now wish to renew those claims, from the recollections of dependence which would necessarily hang on that renewal.

But it is not for myself that I am wretched. No ; I can roam to far distant regions, and amidst other scenes and other inhabitants, commence a new career, unembittered by the past. It is for my family, a family who had boasted that, through all their branches and connections, it had never had a spot to sully it. That that family should, through my faults, be disgraced, is more than I can bear. My mother is a parent who loves me to distraction. I received a letter a few days ago from that quarter. She has been dangerously ill, and the only reflection that contributes to her recovery is that of seeing me return crowned with laurels. They will be laurels !

Now view the reverse. It has been reported that I was dead. That report, with aggravated causes,



will reach the ears of my family; my mother, I know, will not survive it. And all this for me.

I only regret that being too great a coward to put an end to my existence, I cannot cut off the miseries of anticipation.

But I have troubled you too long with subjects about which you can feel but little interest. Only one word more. Should an opportunity present itself, for God's sake let not accounts reach England that I am killed.

With hopes that you will excuse my long and selfish letter, and with many kindest remembrances to Mrs. Alison and all your family,

I remain

Your sincere though unfortunate friend,

(Signed) W. G. WHITCOMBE.

P.S.—I sincerely regret that, by the most untoward circumstances, both the letters which you have been good enough at different times to send me, have been lost before they reached my hands; the one by the lies of that rascal Charlipulo, the other by Dr. Tindal, amongst his other things.

## CHAPTER XXV.

'Tis thus  
Men cast the blame of their unprosperous acts  
Upon the abettors of their own resolve,  
Or anything but their weak, guilty selves.

SHELLEY.

Foul plots have been devised, and fit instruments found to execute them in less than four days. I was much more astonished and humiliated at the retrospection of my idiotic infatuation when, by Fenton's papers and other evidence, I discovered that I had been his dupe from the first—a blind man led by a fiendish cur, no more. He was foisted on me at Missolonghi, to act as a spy on Odysseus, and had done so for a whole year.

My credulity in trusting Fenton on so short an acquaintance, without any previous knowledge, was unpardonable ; but as Iago says of Othello,—

“ He thinks men honest  
That do but seem to be so.”

And several small things concurred to deceive me. On landing in Greece, Fenton had nothing but his arms and his knapsack; in that small space he had Shakespeare's and Burns's works, and often read and quoted them. I afterwards found that the Hungarian had suspicions of Fenton's honesty, from talking to the soldiers who had accompanied him to Argos. Had he been less prompt in action Fenton would have been successful, for he had government soldiers screened in the woods, who on a given signal would have appeared. It was on the same day that this happened that Odysseus was trapped, captured some distance from the cavern; was taken to the Acropolis of Athens, imprisoned in a tower, and put to the most excruciating tortures, to extort from him a confession of where he had hid his treasures. He was afterwards hamstrung, and thrown from the tower in which he was confined. Ghouras was killed as he was walking his rounds on the Acropolis by a Turkish shell at night.

To cut short this disagreeable subject, I extract from Gordon's always fearless and generally accurate "History of the Greek Revolution," his brief notice of the affair:—

“ On taking the field, Odysseus deposited his family in his den on Mount Parnassus, which he confided to the guard of Trelawny (who had lately married his youngest sister), with a handful of men, for that singular cavern is impregnable, and when the ladders that gave access to it were removed, neither armies nor artillery could make any impression. It is a perpendicular height of one hundred and fifty feet from the bottom of a precipice, and sheltered above by a lofty arch. In front were natural and artificial bulwarks, concealing the interior, and a portal cut in the rock, to which the flights of ladders gave access ; within were houses, magazines stored for the consumption of years, and a fine spring of water.

“ An attempt was made to murder Trelawny by two of his own countrymen, one of whom, Fenton, a determined villain, having accepted a bribe from the Government, seduced the other, a crack-brained young man, into complicity by extravagant tales, and the perpetual excitement of potent liquors. Although pierced through the back with two carbine balls, fracturing his arm and his jaw, the wonderful vigour of his constitution enabled Trelawny

to recover. In the midst of his agony, he had the magnanimity to dismiss, unhurt, the unhappy youth who fired at him; as for Fenton, the prime assassin, he was instantly shot by a Hungarian soldier.

“ In the same month, on the 17th of June, the rising sun disclosed the lifeless body of Odysseus, stretched at the foot of the tower that had been his prison; it was said, that a rope by which he was lowering himself had broken, and that he was killed by the fall; however, no one gave credit to this story; it was supposed that he had been strangled, and then thrown from the top. Ghouras subsequently felt remorse for the death of his former patron; heard with pain the mention of his name, and occasionally murmured, ‘In that business I was misled.’ There can be no doubt that Mavrocordato was at the bottom of these tragical events, instigated fully as much by private revenge as care of the public weal. Odysseus was undoubtedly a tyrant and a traitor; Trelawny in open rebellion, and suspected of tampering with the Turks, who were very anxious to get possession of the cave; but all this might have been forgiven, had they not pre-

viously been the personal foes of the Director-General of Western Greece."

For the first twenty days after being wounded I remained in the same place and posture, sitting and leaning against the rock, determined to leave everything to nature. I did not change or remove any portion of my dress, nor use any extra covering. I would not be bandaged, plastered, poulticed, or even washed; nor would I move or allow anyone to look at my wound. I was kept alive by yolks of eggs and water for twenty days. It was forty days before there was any sensible diminution of pain; I then submitted to have my body sponged with spirit and water, and my dress partly changed. I was reduced in weight from thirteen stone to less than ten, and looked like a galvanized mummy. I was first tempted to try and eat by seeing my Italian eating raw ham of a wild hog which I had shot and cured; by great effort I opened my mouth sufficiently to introduce a piece of the size of a shilling, notwithstanding the agony of moving my fractured jaw, and by degrees managed to devour it, and from that time gathered strength. Excepting coffee, I refused all wishy-washy or spoon-food and stuck

to wild boar, which in turn stuck to me ; it spliced my bones and healed my flesh, excepting my right arm, which was shrivelled up and paralysed.

In three months after I had been wounded, my hurts were healing, and my health returning, but my right arm was painful, withered, and paralysed : my only hope of regaining the use of it was to get the ball extracted ; and for that purpose a surgeon was indispensable.

Ghouras had been nominated to the command of Eastern Greece, as the stipulated payment for his treachery to his former chief, but the Turks held all the plains. So we were environed with foes and closely watched, but my trusty and zealous friends the Klephtes were always on the alert ; nestling with the eagles amongst the most inaccessible crags by day, and coming down with the wolves at night, they supplied us with fresh provisions and kept us informed of everything that took place around. They even brought me a Klephte surgeon, stipulating to kill him if he did not cure me ; he made an incision with a razor under my breast-bone, and poked about with his finger to find the ball, but in vain ; the Klephtes then proposed to

escort me to any place I chose to go to for a Frank doctor, or to kidnap one at Athens, and bring him to me, and to leave their families as hostages. I had perfect faith in their probity, but lingered on hoping for a change. Soon after this, Zepare, one of their leaders, brought me news at night that his men were on the trail of a Frank, and they would bring him to me : he said a medico, for they believe all the Franks are more or less so, from their habit of carrying and giving medicines. The next morning a party of soldiers arrived escorting the Major who so astonished Odysseus and the Turkish Bey at Talanta, by his eccentricity. I was even more surprised now than then at meeting him. It appeared he had never lost sight of me. When he heard I was in peril, he made several unsuccessful attempts to come to me ; he then took a cruise in search of the Commodore on the station, Hamilton, and stated my case. Hamilton, always prompt in acts of humanity, insisted not only on the Government's permitting the Major to have free access to me, but that I should have liberty to embark in one of his ships, if I chose to do so. After some days of de liberation and consultation with Odysseus' widow,



and the inmates of the cave, I reluctantly agreed to take advantage of this favourable occasion ; my trusty crew promised to remain at their posts until my return, or until the enemies of their former chief, then in power, were ousted, and then to be guided by circumstances.

No sooner had I left than Ghouras closely invested the place. The eagerness of both the Greeks and Turks to possess the cave arose from the stories current in that land of lies of the fabulous treasures it contained. The cupidity of the Greeks was lashed up to frenzy ; every stratagem their subtle wits could devise was tried ; crouching behind every rock and tree, they kept up a continual fusillade ; they might as well have fired at the man in the moon as at the men in the mountain—if they came too near, the Hungarian stopped them with a shower of grape from the cannon. Some months after, when men and things were changed, the inmates of the cavern came to terms with some of the old friends of the late chief, who had always used their influence to protect the cave, as well they might, since much of the plunder they had accumulated during the war was deposited within it.

If the Hungarian Camerone had served in any other country than Greece, in a time of war he would have ranked high, for he was a well-trained warrior, skilful, resolute, and modest; he had been nearly two years in Greece when I fell in with him at Missolonghi, serving without pay or promotion: noted he certainly was, for his valour had been conspicuous in many battles.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Victory! Victory. Austria, Russia, England,  
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,  
Cry peace, and that means death, when monarchs speak.

SHELLEY.

WHEN the Muses deserted Parnassus, the Klephtes, *i.e.*, outlaws, took possession of their haunts, and kept alive the love of freedom and the use of arms. They were the only Greeks I found with any sense of honour; they kept their words and fulfilled their engagements; I protected and fed their families, and they escorted me in all my expeditions; I was continually in their power, yet they never attempted to betray me. The Klephtes were the only efficient soldiers at the commencement of the insurrection; and their leaders maintained the war for three years so successfully that the Greek Government were enabled to borrow money. The Government then resolved to divide the forces of the Klephtes, to appoint their own partisans as leaders, and to con-

duct the war themselves; they raised forces and imprisoned the former military leaders, wasted time in disputing about their plans of campaigns, and the nomination of the commissioners to see that they were carried out. In two scientific campaigns carried on by civilians, the Greeks lost all the territory the former arbitrary chiefs had won; and of the foreign loan, £2,800,000, there remained only five shillings in bad money at the close of those campaigns. If there had been any place of refuge, the insurrection would have ended by the flight of the leaders and submission of the people. The members of the Government sent away the money they had embezzled, and the primates and other rich rascals attempted to escape with their families, but they were stopped by the populace.

Greece was reconquered; the vanquished Christians sat in sullen groups round the walls of their only remaining fortress in the Morea; death, or to resume the Moslem's chains, their only alternative. At this critical period a messenger arrived from Navarino, proclaiming, in the words of our great poet,

"News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drowned."

The people now sprang up frantic with joy.

For six years all the Christian States had been standing looking on at the bloodiest insurrection on record, sympathizing with the unbelieving Ottomans. At the twelfth hour, the three great maritime Leviathans turned round, and falling unexpectedly upon their ancient allies, annihilated them.

The policy of the crafty Muscovite is intelligible. He wanted to possess Greece and cripple his natural enemy, the Turk. He did both at little cost; the Ottoman fleet was destroyed, and Greece converted from a Turkish into a Russian Hospodariat. The policy of France and England is inexplicable; it is one of those inscrutable diplomatic mysteries devised by heaven-born ministers, which men of women born cannot comprehend.

From the beginning to the end of the insurrection in Greece, Commodore Rowan Hamilton and Colonel C. J. Napier were the only English officers in command who acted justly and generously to the Greeks. Sir Thomas Maitland, and his successor, Sir Frederick Adam, High Commissioners of the Ionian Islands, from their natural sympathy with tyranny, favoured the Turks on all occasions. Napier

was high-minded and independent in his opinions, which is always a disqualification in the eyes of officials. His general popularity and superior influence with the Ionians mortified Sir Frederick Adam<sup>†</sup> excessively; he did all he could in his official capacity to thwart Napier; he gave vent to his rancour in the most trivial matters; he even sent an official letter to Napier on the impropriety of his wearing moustachios. The Colonel was very much amused at this despatch; he instantly obeyed the mandate by cutting them off and enclosing them in his reply to the Lord High Commissioner, who, no doubt, forwarded this important correspondence, with the enclosure, to the Commander-in-Chief. If these emblems of war are preserved amongst the trophies at the Horse Guards, the hair may be used as the lion's beard is by the Indians—they burn it, and swallow the ashes, believing it will give them the strength and courage of the lion.

It was particularly revolting to the mind as well as feelings of Napier to witness the war as waged in Greece—without a plan, combination, system, or leader; every man frantic with excitement to kill and plunder on his own account. Napier, as I have

before said, would have undertaken the war when he was solicited by the Greeks to do so, if they had complied with the terms he considered indispensable to their success, which were that he should have uncontrolled power over the army. Whilst the Greek Government were treating with Napier, a distinguished French officer, Colonel Fabvier, volunteered his services without any stipulations, and was accepted. Napier, having no other object than the success of a just cause, pointed out to me on the map the strategy and tactics he should have used at that juncture had he commanded the Greek forces in the Morea. I asked him to write his plan, as the art of war is so little studied by our military men. I transcribe a campaign on scientific principles, as improvised on the exigency of the moment, by the great master of the art; the general principles laid down by so skilful a commander are applicable to any other locality in all times, especially in defensive warfare, and it requires no prophet to foretell there will be many such wars ere the lamb lies down with the lion.

Napier's letters not only exemplify the skill of the soldier, but show the frank, generous, manly

character of the man. Byron, in a letter to the Greek committee from Cephalonia, in 1823, speaking of Colonel Napier, says, "Of his military character it is superfluous to speak; of his personal, I can say, from my own knowledge as well as from all rumour or private report, that it is as excellent as his military; in short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found; he is our man, to lead a regular force, or to organize a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army—ask anyone."

The following letters are addressed to me by this great General:—

*26th May, 1826.*

Circumstances must decide in war, speaking generally, but frequently they may be commanded by able arrangements; instead of waiting to see what an enemy will do, he may be often forced to do that which we want him to do. I think this may be now accomplished by the Greek troops, should Ibrahim Pacha besiege Napoli di Romania. In this event, I conclude he will have about 15,000 men, and that he will draw his supplies from Navarin or Modon, a distance of about eighty miles,



and have an intermediate depôt at Tripolitza, which is about twenty-five from Napoli. These roads pass through the mountains, and great difficulties will arise in marching his convoys, both from the nature of the country itself, and the exposure to constant attacks.

I also conclude that the Greek forces will amount to about 6,000 regulars and 10,000 irregulars, exclusive of the garrison of Napoli, in which I would leave only irregulars, the best to be had; taking the worst, with the whole regular force, to Monemvasia, into which place I would throw in as much provision as possible; and leaving this fortress with the smallest possible garrison picked from the irregulars, but (as well as Napoli di Romania) with the most *resolute governor and engineers*, I would issue forth and throw the whole regular and remaining irregular force on the communications of the besieging army.

The point at which I would cut them must be *determined* by local circumstances, viz., the force of the enemy; the distribution of that force; the nature of the country; and the exact knowledge of distances, or rather *times of march*. By this, the

Greek army would oblige the Egyptian army to *raise the siege*, or to *send a force able to clear the road of the Greek army*, or he must go without provisions; if he raises the siege, such a failure, besides its actual cost, would have an immense moral effect to his prejudice, and enable the Greeks to take more bold measures; in short, it would be, what they have yet not seen, a victory produced by sound principles of war.

If he prefers the second way, viz., to send a force which he thinks capable of clearing the road, and reopening his communications, what is the consequence? His army must be so weakened that the siege cannot be continued with vigour; and the detached force will either be fought and defeated by the Greeks, or they would retire before this force into Maina, and even to Monemvasia. The moment this was done, this detached force would again march to join Ibrahim before Napoli; and would be followed up by the Greek army, which would again occupy its old position on the communication. This might be repeated twice or three times; but it is impossible that Ibrahim could continue this game long, and the moment he ceased to play it,

he would be obliged to raise the siege. It seems difficult to say how this plan could fail, unless the Greek commander allowed the force detached against him to cut him off from Monemvasia, or from wherever he drew his subsistence.

As to the third choice, it is evident that he could not adopt it, as, although his Egyptians may live upon little, yet that little they must have ; he would therefore try to receive his supplies from Patras ; and although there would, perhaps, be more difficulty still, the Greek general might play the same game on that line of operation, as he would on the line with Navarin. He might occupy the *last* with his regulars, and detach his irregulars on the first. A Turkish force could hardly venture against the Greek irregulars, having their left flank exposed to the regular army of Greeks. I do not know whether I have clearly explained my meaning ; but I am sure that if the Greek Government will do what they ought, viz., give Colonel Fabvier the full and uncontrolled direction of the war, or do this with Colonel Gordon, both those gentlemen will see what I mean, and that this plan is formed on sound strategical principles.

It is impossible to believe that any force which Ibrahim could detach would be able to force six thousand regular Greek soldiers through the passes of the Mainiote country back upon Monemvasia. I have only supposed the *worst* in supposing that they would do this, but in point of fact I imagine the Greek regular force could occupy some strong position in which it would force the troops detached against it to give battle under every disadvantage; and should the Greeks be defeated, that they might rally at and defend a multitude of defiles in the strong country between Tripolitza and Monemvasia—all these things are details of the execution, which depend on the talents of the commanders. If this commander is Colonel Fabvier with Colonel Gordon supporting him, there is no doubt in my mind of its success; if the Greek force, on the contrary, is commanded by the Greek General-in-Chief, Colocotroni, it must inevitably fail, as he is incapable of even comprehending, much less of executing such a campaign.

In regard to the number of forces that I have supposed on each side, it is not very material that I should be exact, because the principle will hold

good as long as the disproportion between the opposed armies is not *so great* as to put an end to all opposition, and this is a disproportion so vast that in such a country as Greece I can hardly conceive possible. Supposing that the Turkish forces receive their provision by sea, then they would not perhaps detach a force against the Greek army coming from Monemvasia, which might attack Tripolitza at its leisure: this, I suspect, would quickly produce the desired results. And last, though not least important, one has everything to expect from Lord Cochrane, who will not allow this provision to arrive by sea so easily. Are we to suppose that one of the greatest men of the age, for such he decidedly is, will be unable to effect anything against the enemy? Lord Cochrane's whole life has been a series of proofs that he possesses all the qualities of a great commander.

DEAR TRELAWNY,

When I returned from my ride, I wrote down what I said;—if you think it would be of any use, send it to Gordon. Not but that both he and Fabvier could form this plan as well or better than

I, but my own opinion may have some weight with the Greeks, in support of those held by these two officers. For my own part, I would try this plan had I but *one* thousand men and *one* cannon! so convinced am I that it is a sound one; and that if executed with skill, activity, and courage it would make Ibrahim lose his game.

Yours,

C. NAPIER.

I dare say this is full of errors, for I wrote as fast as I could scribble. Keep it, for I have no copy; I wish you to give me one.

*Cephalonia, 20th June, 1826.*

DEAR TRELAWNY,

Many thanks for your note dated 12th, which I have only this morning received. I hear Hastings has reached Napoli, which I hope will help Gordon to make arrangements. I hear that Ibrahim Pacha has taken and fortified Sparta.—If he can occupy Leondari and Sparta with strong detachments, he may render the execution of my plan difficult; but if he divides his forces with such numerous gar-

risons, the question arises, whether or not he can keep the field? However, he would greatly embarrass all operations by fortifying Leondari and Mistra (Sparta). These posts are, at this moment, the real points of "strategy" for the defence of Napoli; and his seizure of them denotes a good military head. Were I in Gordon's place, supposing him master of his movements, I would make them keep their *vigils* in Sparta. That garrison should have no sinecure; but my fear is, that at Napoli they are all in such a state of confusion and ignorance, that he will not be able to make any movements at all. However, all I can say is, that the loss of any strong post demands that the Greeks should act upon the same principle against those posts that would have been acted upon against the original positions of the Turks. The general principle remains the same, but is applied to a different locality. For example (take your map).—When Mistra is held by the Turks, the Greeks can no longer throw themselves on the line of communication between Tripolitza and Navarin. They must then change their *object*, and throw themselves on the line between Mistra; and from wherever the

garrison draws its provisions, Mistra becomes the object instead of Tripolitza. How this is to be accomplished, God knows. The war is, in this instance, on too small a scale to judge by a map, as I could in a large movement acting against Tripolitza; but military talent, in a country like the Morea, finds ways to do what it wants. The grand secret in *mountain* countries is to *isolate* the enemy, which obliges him to abandon *his strong* position, and attack you in *yours*. It is not to one so well acquainted with the country as you are, that I need say what it would be to attack a good position in Greece, even without fortifications, much more with them.

It is in the art of forcing an enemy to fight you on your own chosen ground that military genius consists, and few things are more difficult in practice—it unites so much theory and so much practice with great fearlessness of character: no timid man will throw himself into those decisive positions which produce great results.

Yours truly,

C. NAPIER.



24 July, 1826, *Cephalonia*.

DEAR TRELAWNY,

A Mr. Ruppenthal called upon me and begged of me to give him a written opinion on Greek matters. I have done so, but whether in the way he wishes I neither know or care; only I beg of you in giving them to him to receive from him a promise in writing not to publish them. He may be a *true man* or *not*, for I know nothing more of him than that he wrote to tell Canning I was at Missolonghi arranging plans with Mavrocordato. This was an error of his, but still a queer one enough, and I can trace, in his officiousness, much inconvenience which arose to me from an opinion formed by Mr. Canning (I believe) of my conduct and feelings about the Greeks: be this as it may I forgive him, because he told the thing himself. As he thinks my opinion may be of use, I give it to him—I see nothing improper in so doing. As to my going, it is quite out of the question; a man always sets so high a price on himself, that *no one will buy!* Joking apart, though, it is quite impossible for me to go without my price. I am not such a damned fool as to let go one hand without having good hold with the other. I have

seen too much of war to go to work without equivalent means, and I will add that, even with the force I have mentioned, a man must do his business *well*, or he would fail. I think it might be done with 500 men, but the other 1,500 are necessary to meet adverse circumstances which no man can calculate or foresee, and which daily arise in war. For example, an epidemic fever might arise which, out of 2,000 men, would not leave you 200 fit to fight or make a sharp march. Calculations for war need wide margins for corrections; however, I honestly think with 2,000 men a fellow who knew his business well might give some stiff work to Ibrahim Pacha, and put the blessed rulers of Greece into some order. There is a sad want of [here follows a sketch of a man hanged on a gallows] among our friends.

Yours,

C. N.

DEAR TRELAWNY,

I send you Cobbett. Muir behaved devilish ill to me; he left me in my utmost need. I always admired your magnanimity till six o'clock yesterday: then my opinion changed, and at ten o'clock

hell had no hole half hot enough for you. Chs. Sheridan sets up for a wit and a philosopher ; nature repents her extravagancy towards his father, and is bringing up her leeway. I'll give you no leisure to shoot ; the game is not worthy the sportsman. Come and dine with me to-morrow if you have nothing better to do ; we will get Muir, and have a jaw.

Yours,

C. J. NAPIER.

*Cephalonia, 1st August, 1826.*

MY DEAR TEELAWNY,

Pray do not let Mr. Ruppenthal say that I made proposals to him, without contradicting him, because I did no such thing. I think I know what he is ; but be he what he may, he can make nothing of my letters that can do me any harm, supposing he should be a bad one. When one has *no secrets* it is hard to discover them !

I hope Gordon has made port. I do not understand Fabvier's movements. I dare say they are not voluntary. I give no man credit for doing what he likes—what is wise—in Greece, until I

hear that he has 2,000 good European drilled soldiers at his back, and 100,000 in his pockets, and a gallows with his advanced guard. I think were I there with the only power that would tempt me to go, I should raise the price of hemp 50 per cent. in ten days. What has become of Lord Cochrane? all hands say *he comes*—but he comes not! With kind regards to Gordon if he is with you, believe me

Yours hastily,

C. J. NAPIER.

I wish to God something may be done for the Greeks, for our orders are positive not to admit fugitives, and really though I think the rules laid down by the Government are just, it is very distressing to execute them—at least to me it is so.

*Extract from a Letter of Col. C. J. Napier.*

*2 August, Cephalonia.*

Some poor Cephaloniote Greeks here have made up sixty dollars to ransom three women, or rather two and a child, who were taken at Missolonghi, and are now at Patras. I send you their names,

and pray you to speak to Mr. Green, our Consul at Patras, to endeavour to get these poor females ransomed; and tell him rather than he should fail, I will add forty dollars, and so make up the 100; but I know they are sold at about ten or twenty dollars a-piece generally. I fear if he interests himself in a *direct* manner they will raise the price. Pray lose no time, or they may be killed, and their family here is in great distress. They are poor people: they were, we hear, in the midst of the column that cut its way out; but they were taken, probably from terror.

Yours,

C. J. N.

## APPENDIX.

As this re-edition is passing through the press, it occurs to me to add a few particulars, all relating more or less to Shelley, which I can now only introduce by way of Appendix. The sole item which appeared in my former edition is the one now numbered 4.

### 1.—*Mrs. Shelley, Dr. Nott, Queen Mab, &c.*

Mrs. Shelley was of a soft, lymphatic temperament, the exact opposite to Shelley in everything; she was moping and miserable when alone, and yearning for society. Her capacity can be judged by the novels she wrote after Shelley's death, more than ordinarily commonplace and conventional. Whilst overshadowed by Shelley's greatness her faculties expanded; but when she had lost him they shrank into their natural littleness. We never know the value of anything till we have lost it, and can't replace it. The memory of how often she

had irritated and vexed him tormented her after existence, and she endeavoured by rhapsodies of panegyric to compensate for the past. But Dr. Johnson says, "Lapidary inscriptions must not be judged literally." They are influenced by our own short-comings to the object when living. It would be difficult to find minds more opposite than Shelley's and his wife's; but the tragical end of his first wife was ever present in his mind, and he was prepared to endure the utmost malice of fortune.

Mrs. Shelley seldom omitted to avail herself of any opportunities (which were rare) to attend Church service, partly to show that she did not participate in her husband's views of atheism; and she was present when Dr. Nott preached in a private room in the basement story of the house in Pisa she and Shelley were living in. Godwin her father had no means of providing for her; and he educated her for a teacher or governess in a perfectly orthodox manner, which he knew was indispensable; and carefully withheld his own particular views and her mother's, as he knew they would be a bar to her success. Mrs. Shelley was a firm believer, and had little or no sympathy with any of her husband's theories; she could not but admire the great capacity and learning of her husband, but she had no faith

in his views, and she grieved that he was so stubborn and inflexible. Fighting with the world was "Quixotic." Her mother, father, and Shelley were martyrs to their opinions, and their great abilities resulted in failures and unhappiness. Mrs. Shelley did not worry herself with things established that could not be altered, but went with the stream. She was weak, and had no strength to go against it, and even the strong were swept away.

I said to Shelley, "I have never found any religion more intolerant than the Christian. Dr. Nott, who preached here the other day, could not resist attacking the 'Satanic School,' of which you are the founder. Byron is writing a satire on him, to the tune of the 'Vicar of Bray.' He repeated the first verse of it to me this morning:—

'Do you know Dr. Nott,  
With a crook in his lot,  
Who lately tried to dish up  
A neat codicil in the princess's will,  
Which made Dr. Nott not a bishop?'"

SHELLEY: Religion itself means intolerance. The various sects tolerate nothing but their own dogmas. The priests call themselves shepherds. The passive they drive into their folds. When they have folded you, then they are satisfied, they know you fear them; but, if you stand aloof, *they* fear you. Those



who resist they consider as wolves, and, where they have the power, stone them to death.

I said, "You are one of the wolves."

SHELLEY: I am not in sheep's clothing.

I continued: "There is a young student here, a Catholic, who speaks English very well; he is one of the pupils at the University of Pisa. He says he can read Byron's poems very well, but you are difficult for him. What he likes best is 'Queen Mab.'"

SHELLEY: I'm glad it does some good; it is the worst of my compositions. The matter is good, but the treatment is not equal. I could treat the subject much better now; but, when we have emptied our mind of a theme, it's an odious task to go over it again, the mind turns to something new.

This was a sample of our common talk. The conversation took place within a month of Shelley's death, and therefore there could have been no wavering in his antipathy to all religion.

## 2.—*Dialogue between Trelawny and Shelley.*

TRE.: Byron said to me the other morning: "I was reminded by a letter from my sister that I was

thirty-four; but I felt at that time that I was twice that age. I must have lived fast."

SHELLEY: The mind of man, his brain, and nerves, are a truer index of his age than the calendar, and that may make him seventy.

When Shelley at a later date said he was ninety, he was no doubt thinking of the wear and tear of his own mind.

### 3.—*Burning of Shelley.*<sup>1</sup>

*Via Reggio, August 15, 1822.*

At ten on the following morning Capt. S. and myself, accompanied by several officers of the town, proceeded in our boat down the small river which runs through Via Reggio (and forms its harbour for coasting vessels) to the sea. Keeping along the beach towards Massa we landed at about a mile from Via Reggio, at the foot of the grave; the place was noted by three wand-like reeds stuck in the sand in a parallel line from high to low water mark. Doubting the authenticity of such pyramids, we moved the sand in the line indicated to ascertain their truth, but without success. I then got five or

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 210. These are the particulars as written down by me at the time.

six men with spades to dig transverse lines. In the meanwhile Lord Byron's carriage with Mr. Leigh Hunt arrived, accompanied by a party of dragoons and the chief officers of the town. In about an hour, and when almost in despair, I was paralysed with the sharp and thrilling noise a spade made in coming in direct contact with the skull. We now carefully removed the sand. This grave was even nearer the sea than the other, and although not more than two feet deep, a quantity of the salt water had oozed in. This body, having been interred with lime six weeks previously, we had anticipated would have been almost destroyed. But whether owing to the water or other cause it had not further decomposed, but was precisely in the same state as when interred—the dress and linen were black and in shreds, and Corruption had begun his work. The legs had both separated at the knee-joints, the bones of the thigh projecting; the hands were likewise parted at the wrists; the skull, for the scalp was off, was of a dingy hue, and the face entirely destroyed and fleshless; the remains of the body were entire, having been protected by the dress. These devastations on the uncovered part of the body were supposed to have been caused partly by fish, and partly by the peculiar rapidity with which

the sea dissolves the human frame. I was now obliged to apply to our guard to clear the ground, as many boats had arrived from the town, filled with parties of well dressed people, particularly women, who seemed particularly anxious to see so novel a ceremony, their curiosity being excited by the preparations to the utmost.

We had built a much larger pile to-day, having previously been deceived as to the immense quantity of wood necessary to consume a body in the unconfined atmosphere. Mr. Shelley had been reading the poems of "Lamia" and "Isabella," by Keats, as the volume was found turned back open in his pocket; so sudden was the squall. The fragments, being now collected and placed in the furnace, were fired, and the flames ascended to the height of the lofty pines near us. We again gathered round, and repeated, as far as we could remember, the ancient rites and ceremonies used on similar occasions. Lord B. wished to have preserved the skull, which was strikingly beautiful in its form; it was small and very thin, and fell to pieces on attempting to remove it. Notwithstanding the enormous fire, we had ample time ere it was consumed to contemplate the singular beauty and romantic wildness of the scenery and objects around us.

Via Reggio, the only sea-port of the Duchy of Lucca, built on and encompassed by an almost boundless expanse of deep, dark sand, is situated in the centre of a broad belt of firs, cedars, pines, and evergreen oaks, which cover a considerable extent of country extending along the shore from Pisa to Massa. The Bay of Spezzia was on our right, and Leghorn on our left, at almost equal distances, with their headlands projecting far into the sea and forming this whole space of interval into a deep and dangerous gulf. A current setting strong in with a N.W. gale, a vessel embayed here was in a most perilous situation, and consequently wrecks were numerous; the water is likewise very shoal, and the breakers extend a long way from the shore. In the centre of this bay my friends were wrecked and their bodies tossed about—Capt. Williams seven, and Mr. Shelley nine days ere they were found. Before us was a most extensive view of the Mediterranean with the Isles of Gorgona, Caprera, Elba, and Corsica, in sight. All around us was a wilderness of barren soil, with stunted trees, moulded into grotesque and fantastic forms by the cutting S.W. gales. At short and equal distances along the coast stood high, square, antique-looking towers, with flagstaffs on the turrets, used to keep a look-

out at sea, and enforce the quarantine laws. In the background was a long broken line of the Italian Alps.

*4.—Further Details of the Cremation, &c.*

TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN.

This Sixteenth day of August, 1822, at 4 o'clock, P.M.

We, Domenico Simoncini, captain and official of the maritime quarantine of the city of Via Reggio. In consequence of orders communicated by his Excellency the governor of the said city, President of the Quarantine Commission, in paper No. 90 (together with which is sent a copy of the despatch of his Excellency the Minister of State of the 27th of last month, No. 384, whereby the Quarantine Office is informed that our august Sovereign has granted the request made by the British Legation to be allowed to remove the mortal remains of Mr. Shelley, brought to land by the waves of the sea on the 18th day of July, where they were buried according to the quarantine rules in force), E. J. Trelawny, commanding the schooner "Boli-var," with the English flag, presented himself to us, authorized by the Consul of Her Britannic

Majesty with a paper from the same, dated 13th of this present month, which he produced. Attended by this gentleman, by the Major commanding the place, and the Royal Marine of the Duchy, and by his Excellency Lord Noel Byron, an English peer, we proceeded to the eastern shore, and arrived at the spot where the above-mentioned corpse had been buried. After recognition made, according to the legal forms of the tribunal, we caused the ground to be opened and found the remains of the above-mentioned corpse. The said remains were placed in an iron furnace, there burnt and reduced to ashes. After which, always in the presence of those above-mentioned, the said ashes were placed in a box lined with black velvet, which was fastened with screws; this was left in the possession of the said E. J. Trelawny to be taken to Leghorn.

The present report is made, in double original, of the whole of the above proceeding, and is signed by us, and the above-named gentlemen,

E. J. TRELAWNY.

DCO. SIMONCINI.

NOEL BYRON.

Commissione Sanitaria Marittima, Via Reggio,  
Duchy of Lucca.

The body mentioned in the following letter as found near Massa was that of Charles Vivian.

## TRANSLATION.

*Via Reggio, August 29, 1822.*

RESPECTED SIR,

I return infinite thanks for the excellent telescope which you have had the kindness to send me, and assure you that I shall ever bear in mind the attention I have received from you. I hope that some favourable occasion may occur when I may be called upon to attend to your honoured commands, and request you freely to dispose of me in anything in which I can be of service in these parts. I have delayed some days before answering your esteemed letter of the 22nd of this month, in respect of receiving from Massa the information you desired, which is as follows:

The same day, the 18th July, when the sea cast on shore the body of Signore Shelley, there was thrown up on the shores of Massa another corpse which could not be recognized, from its having been eaten about the head by fish. It had on a cotton waistcoat, and white and blue striped trowsers; a cambric shirt; and was without shoes. This body was burnt on the shore, and the ashes interred in



the sand. At Montignoso the sea threw up a water-barrel; at Cinguale, an empty demijohn and two bottles; and at Motrone, a small boat painted red and black.

This is the news I have been able to obtain, with reference to the misfortune which has happened, and to my own knowledge. If I should meet with any further information, I shall consider it my duty to communicate it forthwith.

Accept the expression of my distinguished esteem and respect.

Your most humble and obedient servant,

DCO. SIMONCINI.

5.—*Remarks on Mr. Barnett Smith's volume,  
"Shelley, a Critical Biography."*

Minute particulars regarding the death of Shelley are sought for and narrated by different writers in different ways. I see the latest by Mr. Barnett Smith has many errors. Details can only be interesting from their authenticity, and everything that was done from first to last was done by me alone.

Mr. Barnett Smith gives a different version of the details from that which I have published; and

he can have no authority for so doing. Amongst other things he says that, when Shelley's body was washed on shore he had firmly grasped in his hand a volume of *Æschylus*. I have stated in my former account of the poet's death that Shelley's body had been eight days in the water, and his comrade Williams the same, and that all parts of the body not protected by clothes were torn off by dog-fish and other sea-vermin, even to their scalps; the hands were torn off at the wrists. That disposes of the *Æschylus* story. When I parted from Shelley on his embarking on his last voyage, he had a black single-breasted jacket on, with an outside pocket as usual on each side of his jacket. When his body was washed on shore, *Æschylus* was in his left pocket, and Keats's last poem was in his right, doubled back, as thrust away in the exigency of the moment. Shelley knew that Keats was ripening into a true poet, and was very anxious to read this his last poem; Leigh Hunt had lent it to him. When reading a Greek poet, he would carry the book about with him for months, as he said there were often passages in it that perplexed him. That Greek volume, after I had had it in my possession for twenty or thirty years, I gave to his son Sir Percy. Excepting their wives, no one could have

identified the bodies of Shelley and Williams except myself, and no one but I saw them. If I had not been there, probably they never would have been identified, and I could do this only by familiarity with their dress.

Then Mr. Barnett Smith says, the Shelley family were never satisfied with the account of the wreck, as being the right one. Except Shelley's wife, and his son, who was under three years old, there were no Shelleys that were in any degree interested, or knew anything about it, except from the papers. Neither Mrs. Shelley, Byron, nor Leigh Hunt, knew anything but what I told them.

When I burnt the bodies, Shelley's heart was not consumed when other portions of the body were. In drowning, the blood rushes to the heart; and the heart of Shelley was gorged with blood, so it was no miracle that it would not burn. Ultimately I gave the heart to his wife, and she inconsiderately gave it to Leigh Hunt, and some years ago it was given to Sir Percy Shelley by the Hunts. Mr. Barnett Smith says the heart was buried in Rome. It never was in Rome, and it is now at Boscombe, and, for anything I know to the contrary, in an ornamental urn on the mantel-shelf. I purchased ground in the burying-ground of the Pro-

testants at Rome, and there I myself buried not Shelley's heart but his ashes; not near Keats's grave, but isolated; from which place (so I am told, but I cannot affirm it of my own knowledge) the ashes have been surreptitiously taken, and are now in the possession of Lady Shelley.

Mr. Barnett Smith also says—The fishermen who ran down Shelley's boat intended keeping Byron till they got a large ransom for him. This is nonsense; there was no brigandage in Tuscany. Their real game was that which they executed. They knew there would be a squall; in that squall they would run down the "Don Juan," drown the three people on board, and get the bag of dollars which they had seen taken on board. That was what tempted them. They succeeded in all but the last part; the boat's sinking so suddenly defeated their getting the money. If they had saved any of the lives they would have been subjected to fourteen days' quarantine, besides the investigation which would have followed.

There are many other inaccuracies in Mr. Smith's book.

The principal fault I have to find is that the Shelleyan writers, being Christians themselves, seem to think that a man of genius cannot be an

Atheist, and so they strain their own faculties to disprove what Shelley asserted from the earliest stage of his career to the last day of his life. He ignored all religions as superstitions. Some years ago, one of the most learned of the English Bishops questioned me regarding Shelley; he expressed both admiration and astonishment at his learning and writings. I said to the Bishop, "You know he was an Atheist." He said, "Yes." I answered: "It is the key and the distinguishing quality of all he wrote. Now that people are beginning to distinguish men by their works, and not creeds, the critics, to bring him into vogue, are trying to make out that Shelley was not an Atheist, that he was rather a religious man. Would it be right in me, or anyone who knew him, to aid or sanction such a fraud?" The Bishop said: "Certainly not, there is nothing righteous but truth." And there our conversation ended.

Certainly there were men of genius before the Christian era: there were men and nations not equalled even at the present day.

A clergyman wrote in the visitors' book at the Mer de Glace, Chamouni, something to the following effect: "No one can view this sublime scene, and deny the existence of God." Under which Shelley,

using a Greek phrase, wrote, "P. B. Shelley, Atheist," thereby proclaiming his opinion to all the world. And he never regretted having done this.

THE END.



